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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 25, 1947





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# WOMEN ON A HONEYMOON

By  
**MARGUERITE EYSEN**

**A**WAKENING abruptly, Laura sat up in bed. Her teeth were clenched, her hands knotted into fists, and the thin silk of her nightgown clung to her damp body. It was a full minute before her tension gave way to that new sensation of lightness she had felt ever since Jim had returned from the war.

Relaxing, she stretched to her full length in bed, letting the early morning sun pour over her.

Yes, Jim was home, married to Boots. And the precious pair lived only fifteen minutes away. She hadn't a worry in the world any more, even her slight fear that Jim might have trouble following in his father's footsteps had disappeared.

She did wish, though, that his father might have lived to see Jim working in the old firm and to hear Sam Holbrook, the head of Jim's department, say "The boy's a find, Laura. He's his father all over again."

Lying there, Laura heard Bertha ironing out in the kitchen. Dear, funny Bertha, faithful friend and tower of strength! Laura would have sworn that after their seventeen years together she could explain Bertha's every move. But with only the two of them left in the house, how could Bertha find so many clothes to press?

Laura would never know unless Bertha chose to tell her, since one of the rules of the house was that Bertha was in sole charge of herself and her time. "And of me and my time!" Laura chuckled to herself!

Dressing, Laura looked in the mirror. Her hair, once ash-blond, had turned white these last five years, and small wonder!

She turned to the picture on her bedside table, the one that had recently taken the place of the picture of Jim in his uniform. It was of Jim and Boots together. Jim looked older than his age, but Boots looked younger than twenty-one. What a lovely young thing she was. Small wonder she would everyone round her finger.

Smiling, Laura opened the door to hear Bertha still ironing. Why, Laura had no notion, but Bertha had relatives—lots of relatives. Probably she was helping one of them out.

Eating her breakfast, with the warm, scented breeze from her garden coming through the dining-room window, Laura turned her mind to planning dinner.

The children wouldn't be here tonight. They had been here last night. Almost half the leg of lamb was left. She and Bertha could make a pie for themselves and an extra one for the children. Boots and Sue Carroll were going into town to lunch and the pictures.

Laura would get everything ready but the pie—nobody could match Bertha's crust. On her way, she could buy some crisp rolls.

"I've got everything ready but the crust," she said to Bertha, whose broad face was still pink from ironing. "Make enough for two, will you, and I'll take one round for the children. You know how Jim adores your meat-pie."

But Bertha ignored the bait. "Seems as though when they ain't here to dinner, you're taking their dinner round, Mrs. Meldrum." It sounded like an accusation.

"Just what would you have me do, when my daughter-in-law telephones to say she's bringing my son to dinner?"



"You could say you're going out," Bertha suggested.

Shocked, Laura said: "Why, Bertha! Why on earth would I?"

"It ain't teaching Mrs. Jim for us to do her cooking and—and all."

"And it's your idea that I should let my son starve to death?"

"He wouldn't starve long."

Laura laughed, "But the honeymoon might end with a crash, Bertha."

"It's got to end sometime," Bertha held her ground. "And if it don't, it's the only one I ever saw that didn't."

Laura's smile wavered ever so slightly. Bertha had a kind of wisdom that made her almost prescient at times. Weighing it, though, Laura said, cajoling, "Let Boots be young while she can. Some day there'll be a baby, you know, and school will begin."

Bertha seemed to yield the point, but rolling up her sleeves she added a final word, "There won't be any good come of it, Mrs. Meldrum, and you remember I said so!"

Nevertheless, when Laura drove up in front of the children's block of flats, the warm, fragrant meat-pie was by her side. The day was

perfect. Petunias were in full bloom in the big stone urn outside the entrance, and the sun beat down on her as she rang the caretaker's bell.

John, the caretaker, appeared from the basement entrance with his keys, and Laura said, "Hello there, John! Here I am again."

John, looking uncomfortable, shifted from one foot to the other. "Mrs. Meldrum," he said finally, "she said for me not to let anybody in while she's gone."

Laura stood there with her arms loaded, amused. "You wouldn't hint that she meant her mother-in-law, would you, John?"

Shifting again, John said, "I dunno who she meant." And for some silly reason Laura hesitated. She could leave the pie and the rolls in front of the door. Then she thought, Oh, nonsense! Boots makes

free of my house, doesn't she? And I want her to. Why wouldn't she feel the same way?

"Just give me the key, John," Laura said, "and I'll let myself in."

John surrendered the key un- easily, and Laura went up the stairs with her load. She set it down, unlocked the door, and chuckled. Boots made no bones of her allergy to housekeeping, but this was something a little special! A party last night, to all appearances, and Boots had got off to a flying start this morning.

The bed was a jumble of bed- clothes. In the living-room, ash- trays were loaded. Murky glasses covered the coffee-table, and plates, cups, and crumpled napkins lined the window-sills. Laura opened the refrigerator door and caught a

strong whiff of bananas. Heavens, the butter!

And the bathroom! It was a welter of soggy towels, bath powder, and cleansing tissue. Lucky for Boots that her mother-in-law had happened in this day! Jim was meticulous in his personal habits, and it was trifles like these that put the strain on honeymoons. Laura rolled up her sleeves.

She washed the dishes and then cleaned the refrigerator. The meat- pie, ready for the oven, was on the table.

Laura left a note for Boots beside the pie: "Greetings, dearest, from your fond mother-in-law who loves to potter. I hope you had a good day." She made the bed and dusted the living-room. If only she had thought to bring fresh flowers from her garden! She put the bathroom in order and set Boots' myriad bottles and jars in orderly array on the glass shelf.

Please turn to page 12



# The Magnificent Mo

By  
**LINSLEY TANDY**



**T**OMMY CARRUTHERS chose a bad moment to kiss his wife, Jean, sipping a hot cup of tea, opening the morning paper, and worrying about butter coupons. She was just not expecting that kiss. But Tommy was late and it was Monday, just the day he liked to get to the bank early, and he was not thinking what he was doing as he leant down and kissed her cheek.

Jean gulped and burnt her mouth and spilled tea all over the tablecloth. She jumped up and glared.

"There, you idiot," she fumed, "now see what you've done, pushing that ridiculous mass of hair into my face. How many times do I have to tell you, Tommy, that I won't have you near me while you're like this? Just look at my lovely tablecloth!"

Her mouth was very sore and there were tears in her eyes. Tommy put an arm round her, but there

was not much else he could do. In the old days he could smooth away these little upsets with tender kisses, but now

"I'm so sorry, darling," he mumbled. "I just didn't think. I didn't mean to."

"Oh go and catch your bus," she said, twisting away from him. "It wasn't a clean cloth, anyway."

As he opened the front door she ran after him and gave him a quick hug. So that was all right and they were still friends, but as Tommy sat in the bus on the way to work he was very worried about this thing that was coming between them.

Jean was becoming more touchy and irritable about it every day, and Tommy knew that he himself was being affected too. In a multitude of small, insidious ways his entire life was changing under its baleful influence.

Tommy sat up straighter in his

seat. The idea was alarming; but evidence of its truth was all about him.

There was old Selby, for instance. Old Selby worked in the same department as Tommy and travelled in by the same bus.

Before the war they always sat together and yarned and smoked and read the paper. For a little while after Tommy rejoined the bank they had travelled in together, too, thick as thieves.

Now old Selby pretended not to see him each morning, and sat by himself downstairs.

There was also that business about the tennis club.

If there was one thing Tommy enjoyed more than another it was his game of tennis on Saturday afternoons. He had been sorely hurt the day he found himself dropped from the club team, and he had worked hard at his game, practising every chance he could get to make the grade again.

Not until he had beaten the club captain three times running and had demanded an explanation did he learn the bitter truth.

"Oh, of course you play well enough, Tommy," the captain assured him. "And we all like you, too. It's just that—well, the Association Board of Control told us on the quiet they've been receiving too many complaints about unfair tactics by our club. It seems that people just can't concentrate on the game when they play against you, old chap, so..."

He had even stopped going round to the surf club after that nasty accident in the rescue and resuscitation drill. He had been paying out line from the reel when he was suddenly drawn down into the mechanism, face first.

Tommy did not surf all last summer because of that; and because, as he readily admitted, he no longer looked his best when dripping wet.

The conductor, an old friend, came round for fares, and Tommy tendered his sixpence. The conductor ignored it. He was gazing at Tommy with the rapt admiration of the tyro before a genuine work of art. With all the awe of a disciple in the presence of his master, he fondled the wisp of blond hair on his own upper lip.

"Nine blessed inches at least on each side!" he breathed, and stumbled away to the front of the bus in a daze, still mumbling to himself.

The girl beside Tommy, whose fare had not been collected either, glanced sideways at him and

*"I wouldn't have believed it possible," Mr. Brownson said in amazement.*

giggled, while Tommy hid his blazing face behind his newspaper.

At the bank he changed into his office coat, then went on upstairs to his department. Old Selby was already there, and when Tommy arrived he came over with a note.

"Must be very good news for you, Carruthers, or very bad," he said. "JB wants to see you."

Tommy was suitably impressed. "Mr. Brownson himself!" he exclaimed.

"If I were you, my boy," said Selby, "I wouldn't waste any time getting up there."

Tommy straightened his tie and did what he could to the distant ends of his moustache, one of which seemed suddenly to have

drooped. This was one of the more annoying characteristics of the growth.

There was nothingiggardly about the size or the shape of Tommy's moustache. Thick at the lip, it tapered and swerved out prettily, curving upwards at the ends of its own accord, the general effect resembling nothing so much as a pair of well-developed horns.

Unaccountably, however, one end appeared sensitive to the subtle vibrations of Tommy's personality, and as he waited outside the door marked "Staff Inspector" it still drooped.

In due course he was ushered into the presence. J. B. Brownson set down on his desk a neat little file labelled "Carruthers, T."

He motioned Tommy to a seat. He leant back comfortably in his own padded chair and he opened his mouth to speak. But though his mouth remained open, no words came.

Slowly JB came erect. He blinked rapidly once or twice, then removed his bifocals and polished them. He set the spectacles firmly back on his nose and stared again. Instinctively his hand went up to his own clean-shaven face and slowly he shook his head.

In a stunned whisper he breathed, "I wouldn't have believed it possible."

Tommy nervously cleared his throat and JB pulled himself together. He adjusted the spectacles angrily and glared.

"I've been going through your reports, Carruthers," he boomed. "I might as well let you know that they're good—very good. We are pleased to see you taking up the work here so smoothly after your years of—er—active service. Hmm."

JB fingered through the file. "But there is one rather serious complaint running through every comment on your personal qualifications, Carruthers."

Please turn to page 22



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# CUTEX

FOR LOVELIER NAILS



As he entered the hotel lounge, he told himself once more that he should have kept his previous engagement to play poker at Geoff Thompson's. Not wildly exciting poker, but relaxed, friendly, easy-going—self-respecting.

Which was more than he could say for the evening he was about to begin.

Even granting a natural curiosity about the boss' wife and daughter, this whole deal was suspect. Pulling out of the poker party to have dinner with the general manager of Hunnewell Radio and family on a very last-minute invitation came mighty close to favor-carrying.

Any way you looked at it, it was sheer good policy.

He had arrived ten minutes early. He stood in the doorway, running his glance over the lounge and its extravagant patrons. A captain of waiters inquired, "Alone, sir?"

"Meeting a party," Chris said.

"Mr. T. L. Judson."

"Oh, Oh, yes, sir. We have his table reserved. If you wish to—"

"I'll wait at the bar," Chris said, having just located it over in the corner. "Let me know when Mr. Judson arrives."

Having a drink by himself might be bad policy. He hoped so. Not bad enough to cancel the fact of being here at all, but a sop to self-respect.

This business of fooling round with the boss' daughter was a mug's game anyway. He supposed Theodora Judson looked like her father. He shuddered.

She'd be short and wide, with a neck just long enough to permit the head to turn. A narrow, outjutting nose between nasty little green-grey eyes that jumped from side to side when they looked at you. A voice with all the musical quality of ripping cloth.

He ordered another drink, on the



## NO VACANCY

By ...

**EDWARD HOPE**

theory that two would be infinitely worse policy than one. And also because he needed it. Now that he had got himself in for this—

Suppose she wasn't repulsive. Suppose, for instance, she should have lovely eyes. That would be an improvement.

But then, of course, let her father catch his Mr. Christopher Underhill rolling so much as an eye at her, and he would simply kick him off the bottom rung of the ladder of commercial success.

Not that there was much danger. Any daughter of T. L. Judson's could be depended on to be a horror of some sort. If not, why weren't there half a dozen devoted suitors to substitute for one another in such emergencies as to-night's? Why did her father have to take the legions off one of his minor slaves and order him into the gap?

Chris had just put down his second empty glass and was trying to catch the barman's eye, when the captain of waiters announced that the Judson party had arrived. Chris glanced at the mirror, flicked back a lock of hair from his forehead, and followed the man.

He saw the girl at the table the waiter was heading for, and didn't believe it.

"Wait a minute," he said. "This can't be—"

And then T.L.J., who had been speaking to the frock-coated head waiter, came to the table.

"Good evening, Mr. Judson," Chris said.

"Hah? Eh? Oh. Sent a man to find you. Darling," he said to the pretty, grey-haired but youngish woman across the table, "this is Mr. Underhill. Mrs. Judson."

Her bright blue eyes sparkled as she smiled at him and said it was nice of him to come at the last minute like this. He smiled at her because he liked her.

"Christopher Underhill," T.L.J.

said. "My daughter, Theodora. You'd better sit there on Mrs. Judson's right."

Chris muttered something, gazing at the miracle that was Theodora Judson. Her eyes were blue. Her hair was blond, swept back from her smooth, high forehead, swooshed back over the tops of her small ears, and arranged to fall at the back of her neck. Her mouth was small, but her lips were full, with a little extra curve at the left corner that was ready to turn to a smile on no notice at all.

She had a way of looking steadily at you when you spoke to her which tended to make you forget what you were talking about.

Her resemblance to her mother was obvious. Their eyes were alike and they had the same sort of easy grace that was a grace of spirit, physically visible. What Chris loved about Mrs. Judson, however, was the air of calm, polite exasperation she assumed in dealing with the general manager of Hunnewell Radio.

She seemed to listen gravely to whatever he said; she did not interrupt him, and when he had quite finished she moved in quietly and overrode him. She never raised her lovely voice, and never called him any of the things that were in her tone of voice.

It was a beautiful thing to watch. There was, for instance, her handling of her daughter's suggestion that she and Mr. Underhill might go dancing together later.

Mr. Judson's nasty little eyes

skewed Chris. They were jumping sharply from side to side. He prepared to speak.

And it was here that Mrs. Judson moved in. She said, "That would be lovely! The way Teddy's cooped up with me in the country from one month's end to the next, she's definitely entitled to a little gaiety, when the rare opportunity presents itself. Of course, if Mr. Underhill feels it will be too great a strain—"

Chris met her eyes and avoided her husband's. He said, "I'd like nothing better."

"How kind of you," Mrs. Judson beamed at him.

It was one of those things, Chris told himself, that you recognise as unforgettable, even while they are going on. He remembered having the same conviction, somewhere in mid-air, the time he fell out of the apple tree and broke both arms.

They started in an exotic magnificence of paper palm trees and yellow stucco cardboard, moved on to a less gaudy, dimly lighted, even more expensive place called the White Peacock, and fetched up finally in the quiet intimacy of the Blue Lagoon, where the singers and their piano and guitar accompaniment were only just loud enough to keep their neighbors from overhearing their conversation.

Time passed unnoticed. Somewhere along the line they slipped into the way of calling each other "Chris" and "Teddy." They danced together, they talked about themselves, and a good many other things, and laughed till they cried.

Several times they let their eyes meet directly in long, shivery communion beyond the power of expression in words.

It was Teddy, at the last, who at ten minutes past three insisted that it was time to go home.



"Hello, darling, so you've come to see the place," Mr. Judson mumbled in a half-hearted tone.

Please turn to page 19



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# ... And Then He Went Away

Concluding our romantic serial

By THELMA STRABEL

IT was beginning to snow lightly, hesitantly, as Margrit climbed the stairs and reached the high haven of her home. She paused to catch her breath and look down towards the city.

All at once she began to feel at peace. Mac was here. She had walked with him on nights of loneliness under the stars, called to him in her heart, and he had never failed to answer.

She had heard his promises in the rustling of the leaves when spring came again, and last summer, when she had sat on the steps, with the little Alpine flowers in dainty bloom along the edges, he had been here. He was here now, in the soothing strength of the snow. She went on up the walk and into the house.

Her mother had just returned from a fashion show, and she came out into the hall, a lipstick in her hand, to say that Margrit's stepfather had changed his mind and gone to the dinner of the Manner Club, his singing society, after all. He had bought tickets for Margrit and herself for to-night's performance at the Viennese company was giving of "Die Fledermaus."

"We'll have supper in the library. It's cozier," she said.

A wind came up while they were eating and rattled in gusts at the window.

Margrit asked questions about the fashion show. The Maison Rey, of Geneva, had exhibited a group of models from their Paris collection, most of them too extreme for conservative Zurich, her mother thought. It seemed to Margrit that their conversation was like the snow, peppering against the window with a lost and lonely sound.

Her head started to ache and she felt that she couldn't possibly en-

dure the tinkling artificiality of the operetta. When her mother announced that it was time to dress, she begged her to go on alone.

"Nothing wrong other than the headache, is there, dear?" Her mother put her hand lightly under her chin. "Do you feel badly about this Bill's leaving? It's been obvious, you know, why he's been staying on in Zurich."

"There wasn't anything, Mother." "I liked him very much, but your stepfather— Anyway, he's going," her mother said. "But I can't possibly go to the theatre and leave you alone here, especially after someone broke into the house!"

She would be perfectly safe, Margrit protested, with all the new bolts and locks her stepfather had got, and with Peter such a good watchdog. If anything should frighten her, she could call Dr. Ruegg.

"He's probably not at home," her mother objected. She pulled back one of the heavy damask curtains and peered towards the doctor's house. "No, he's there now. I can see the light from his study. . . . Gertrud's just leaving. She's going early."

Still she remained at the window, her fingers working at the thick fringe. Finally she let the curtain fall into place again.

"I think perhaps I will go to the theatre," she decided. It was a pity, she said, to waste the other ticket, but she couldn't think off-hand of anyone who might want to go with her.

She left at eight, still rather doubtfully. "Keep Peter right with you, dear, and leave all the lights on downstairs. Father said we should do that anyway, when we went to the theatre."

After her mother had gone, Margrit changed into her dark blue woollen slacks and jacket. The wind had died again and the house was



"You've missed the train to Lucerne, darling," Margrit whispered contentedly.

so still, with the thick padding of snow round it, that the closing of a drawer had the sharpness of a rifle crack. The stillness was like something waiting on the doorstep.

She knew what crouched on the doorstep, but she would never let it in. "Snow-blind," Bill had said. Well, let him say it.

She had had a touch of real snow-blindness once, she recalled, taking up her knitting and carrying it downstairs to the library. That had been the year they had gone to Kitzingen with the Naglis and she had gone on a too ambitious climb with the boys.

While she was waiting for them, on the second day, to test out a shorter way of return, she had lost her goggles in a crevice. She had waited through the blazing afternoon, with the sun so bright and warm that she had removed her jacket and waited in shirt-sleeves, looking upward from time to time to watch for the boys.

Suddenly the white peak had reached down and struck her across the eyeballs with a searing, blinding whiteness and the pain—

The pain was there now. She closed her eyes and she could feel it, the pain that was striking at her now in white-hot stabs from all directions.

"Why was it that Mac didn't ever mention his position in the crew of that bomber?" "Could it be possible that it wasn't an accident you didn't get his name?" That was the way the stabs came.

Knit two, purl two, knit four. Pain and strange shapes dancing in your tortured eyeballs behind the closed lids. Shapes such as a figure hiding beside a hedge, watching an explosion in the sky and the silk parachutes dropping down, watching his chance as the border guard ran towards the disaster.

She let her knitting drop in her lap. Now the pain flashed from bright, relentless prisms, prisms that turned and danced and clashed harshly. Mademoiselle Dupres walking out between the two men of the security forces with a scornful little smile lifting her upper lip; old women around a table at her Aunt Sophie's, drinking their coffee.

"They say Frau Berg is in the pay of the Gestapo. You never know. . . . I will not let a stray soldier I picked up on the street and now will never see again do this to me!"

What was love if a first breath of doubt could touch it? Bill had tried to say that it wasn't love. Bill, Bill again! If only she had not replied when he had spoken to her in front of the sports shop; if only she had ignored him.

She picked up her knitting and saw that she needed the larger needles now. They were in her mother's room, she thought. She laid the knitting on the table and was starting to the door when the telephone bell hammered at her aching head. She lifted the receiver and answered. The wire made a crackling sound.

"Bitte?" she repeated.

"Margrit?" The wire cleared now.

"This is Bill."

"Yes?" She waited rigidly.

"May I come up and talk to you just a minute?"

"No, thank you. I prefer my own company."

"You don't mean that you're alone?"

"Yes, but I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid of the kind of thief that only wants to break in and steal your money," she answered him bitterly. There was so long a pause that

she thought the service might have been interrupted. Then he began again: "Margrit—"

"Why did you have to say such a thing, why did you have to spoil our friendship?" she burst out at him. "There wasn't anything really that made you suspicious of him, you know there wasn't." She was not aware how her voice cried for reassurance.

"I guess I was jealous. I mean jealous of your Mac because he had so much in life." Bill's voice was so low she could scarcely hear him. "But you're right, there wasn't anything. He rings true as a silver dollar to me. Only—I think he's dead."

"Not to me, not really and not ever," Margrit dropped the receiver into the cradle of the telephone.

Her mother's knitting things were in a lacquered cabinet that stood near the balcony windows. Margrit found quickly the needles she was looking for, closed the drawer and straightened up. It wasn't snowing now and stillness was a bed of cotton wool in which the chalet nestled. She turned out the light but remained near the window, inviting the serenity of the snow into her heart.

It was all right about Mac again. The strange and stabbing doubts were gone. Yet when she tried to bring him close, to conjure up his face and the way he walked, there was nothing before her eyes but the blankness of the snow.

Why did she have this aching, lost, and panic-stricken feeling? Why had it been there ever since she had slammed down the receiver of the telephone?

"Mac," she whispered his name. "Mac," and she looked desperately out across the cold snow as though for a sign.

Not far away, but high up, a long beam of light wavered. It appeared to come from Dr. Ruegg's garden house and the light moved as though someone was finding his way around inside by its aid.

That was odd. The little house was wired for electricity, and if someone was really staying in the house, why didn't he—or she—draw the blinds and turn on the light, instead of groping around inside by flashlight? She stepped back into the folds of the draperies to watch, though she doubted she could be seen in the window with no light behind her.

In a minute or two, the slender finger of light disappeared.

The doctor had said that no one went near the garden house and certainly no guest would be going around in there by flashlight. Yet yesterday Gertrud had carried a meal down the walk to that rear structure. Could it be that the doctor had told the truth and that the garden house was being used without his knowledge—but with Gertrud's?

Please turn to page 26



Mother takes the applause!  
— when she serves

## HEINZ Spaghetti



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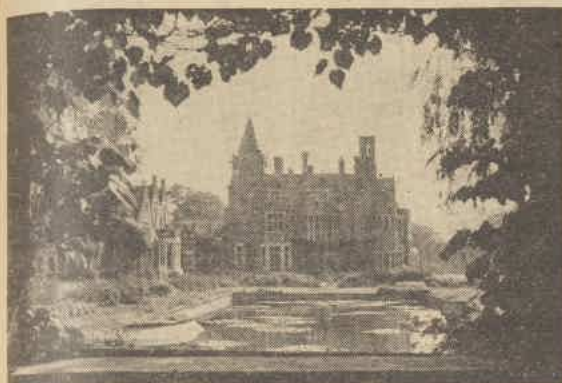
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# Rose petals, "austerity" confetti, for Princess



BAGSHOT PARK, Berkshire, which may be the country residence of Princess Elizabeth after her marriage. It was formerly the home of the Duke of Connaught.

## Londoners plan a warm-hearted climax to Abbey ceremony

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

The people of London will provide a warm-hearted homely climax which no austerity can muffle when Princess Elizabeth leaves Westminster Abbey with her bridegroom, Lieut. Philip Mountbatten.

Outside on the free pavements and from the high-priced windows opposite the Abbey will come a shower of rose petals and confetti to speed the newlyweds.

SOME typists from Whitehall told me: "We're saving all the punchings from our files for the wedding."

Others are drying the last of the autumn roses to make a shower of petals.

Plans for the all-white wedding at Westminster are now taking shape.

Apart from the bride, who will wear a flowing satin gown, the retinue of pages and attendants will all be dressed in frothy white.

Westminster Abbey will be decorated in an all-white-and-gold scheme, with every vestige of color removed.

The sheen of gorgeous materials and the glitter of diamonds in the sombre setting of the Abbey will sublimate, in historical pictures, the austerity that characterises Princess Elizabeth's wedding arrangements.

For, though precedent demands pomp and luxury for the wedding of the future Queen, the King has ruled that there shall be no extravagance, and Abbey stands are not to be erected.

### Heavy bookings

THERE will be no increased accommodation for guests and, with the informal dress order issued by the Lord Chamberlain, no colorful uniforms.

But in spite of the lack of pageantry, the Royal wedding will be a solemn romantic occasion.

Already there are signs of excitement everywhere as prices of seats at Windsor, skyrocket and every hotel room is booked out.

All approaches to the Abbey will be filled with streams of people flowing towards Westminster.

Lining the route, Guardsmen will wear battle-dress, with breasts embellished with the ribbons of many campaigns.

Many people would like to see the Guards in traditional scarlet and bearskins.

But Headquarters of Household Cavalry at Windsor told me it isn't just a matter of taking down the uniforms and dusting them.

"They hang in the Guards' depot," I was told, "and have been there since they were hung up for 'the duration' in September, 1939."

But the conversion of hundreds of uniforms to fit—and they must fit perfectly—would be one of the biggest tailoring jobs of the times. Standing shoulder to shoulder in

the crowd will be many peers and distinguished visitors to London, who would have been guests at the Royal wedding were it possible to have erected seating accommodation in the Abbey.

Like the rest of London they will stand on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the bride as she drives past in the gilt-and-chocolate colored coach drawn by eight dapple-grey horses, the gift of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland when peace was declared.

Inside the Abbey Australian William McKie, organist, will play a preliminary selection from Purcell, Handel, and Saint-Saens. Peals of joy bells will be rung as the guests take their seats.

Service dress will be worn by the men, or morning dress or lounge suits, but the women will present a well-dressed spectacle in new winter hats, rich furs, and brilliant jewels.

As the music plays, various Royal processions will arrive—punctually for punctuality is the politeness of Kings—and everything will have been rehearsed, so that there should be no hitch.

Then Princess Elizabeth, on the arm of the King, wearing the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet (Service dress), will pass down the special red carpet that has not been used since the wedding of Princess Marina to the Duke of Kent.

Instead of the traditional Lohengrin bridal music, a march from the late Sir Hubert Parry's incidental music to "The Birds" of Aristophanes will be played then.

The first procession will be an ecclesiastical one, headed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, minor deans, and canons of the Abbey in robes of gold-and-white ecclesiastical magnificence.

Then will come the procession of Queen Elizabeth and members of the Royal Family, led by the gentlemen-at-arms in uniform and with dancing plumes, followed by the procession of Queen Mary and of the bridegroom's relatives.

As the bridal procession passes down the long aisle, Westminster Choir and choirs of the Royal Chapels will sing "Lead Us Heavenly Father, Lead Us," a hymn Elizabeth has chosen because it was sung at the wedding of her father and mother.

Then the service will begin in which Elizabeth will promise to obey as well as to cherish and love. While ecclesiastics debated whether the future Queen, who will



PRINCESS ELIZABETH leaving the British Color Council after choosing wedding presents.

one day be head of the Church of England and Defender of the Faith, should have the choice between the old marriage service and the new form, Elizabeth made her own decision.

Most brides choose the new form of service, which has not yet been accepted by Parliament.

Elizabeth will pledge obedience to Philip in the service which will follow the form used at the marriage of her parents in 1923.

After the Welsh gold wedding ring is put on the bride's finger, and the hands of the bride and bridegroom joined, prayers said, and the 67th Psalm sung, the Archbishop of York will deliver an address.

More music, more prayers, and the singing of the National Anthem will follow.

Those who sign the register will withdraw.

In the Bow Room, best known of all the Buckingham Palace apartments, the reception will be held.

Again, because of food restrictions, not more than 200 of the 2000 guests invited to the Abbey will

attend Princess Elizabeth's wedding breakfast.

The handsome Bow Room will be filled with pink carnations, her favorite flower, all of which are now being specially grown by the Carnation Lovers' Society of England. They will be a present to the bride.

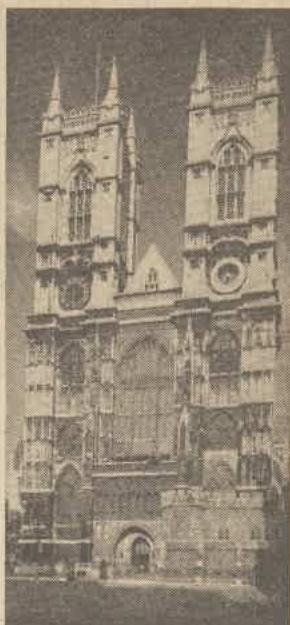
A cold buffet luncheon of sandwiches, cold chicken and game, salad and trifle will be served, and in the centre of the buffet table will be the beautiful wedding cake made by McVitie and Price, of Edinburgh, who made her mother's cake.

Some of the ingredients were sent from Australia. It is an exquisite piece of workmanship, in Grecian design.

The bride will cut the cake with Lieutenant Mountbatten's sword.

The wedge she will cut has been fitted into the wonderful structure, and the bride will free it with the sword and withdraw it by means of an attached broad satin ribbon.

Pure gold lucky charms embedded in the wedge will be destined for the bridesmaids, and include a thimble, gold threepence, and lucky donkey.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, where the Royal marriage will take place.

On that memorable afternoon Elizabeth and Philip will appear on the balcony at Buckingham Palace.

I hear that the bridesmaids and best man are collecting old shoes and silver slippers to throw after the bridal couple with showers of confetti as they leave.

Borrowing a house for the honeymoon is a very personal arrangement between the partners of the house and the Royal couple.

Both Princess Elizabeth and Philip are anxious to avoid causing inconvenience to their friends, and the house they borrow will be one that will cause least trouble to the owners.

Petrol restrictions may mean they'll go by train on the honeymoon, as the King and Queen did when they went to Polesden Lacey for their honeymoon, though both would prefer to drive away in Philip's sports car.

### Two bodyguards

THE house they choose will have its own staff, but one or two servants from Buckingham Palace will be detailed for duty.

Princess Elizabeth's Maid, Miss Macdonald, will dress the Princess at Buckingham Palace in her going-away dress, then leave herself so as to be at the honeymoon house to await the couple's arrival.

Philip's valet will travel with her. Accompanying the Royal newlyweds will be two bodyguards.

They will be Princess Elizabeth's and the new bodyguard specially appointed by Scotland Yard for Philip.

The place of the honeymoon is being kept secret.

At the College of Arms a herald is now engaged in designing a coat-of-arms for Philip Mountbatten.

This coat-of-arms will be a quartering of the Royal Arms with those of the Mountbatten family and also the Arms of Greece.

The right to quarter the Royal Arms by the husband of a Princess in direct succession to the Throne was established fairly clearly by Prince Albert just prior to his marriage with Queen Victoria.

He had made an application for this privilege, which was turned down by the Garter King-of-Arms, who was quite emphatic that there was no precedent for such a course, but, as Albert was able to point out, his Uncle Leopold on his marriage with Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, had united the Arms of the ruling Houses of Coburg and Britain.

The Garter was stumped, and could not offer any further objections.



## YOUR PAPER IS SMALLER

WHEN the gravity of Britain's dollar crisis was made known to the world some weeks ago, Australians felt immediately that everything should be done to help the British people.

Obviously, Australia had to reduce her dollar expenditure to a minimum to allow the Empire's resources to be reserved for purchases to maintain British rations.

A big item in dollar expenditure is newsprint.

So Australian newspapers are reducing the number of their pages.

The Australian Women's Weekly is playing its part in this necessary sacrifice. So your paper is smaller.

By careful planning, we have managed to retain nearly all the features that are prime favorites with readers, and we confidently expect that the paper will not be forced back to war-time size.

It will still be packed with interest, and it will continue to spread a world-wide net over news services of special interest to women.

It is sad that in two years of peace so few world problems have been solved, and that a revival of wartime austerity has become necessary.

We had commenced work on plans for extensive expansion. These will now have to be postponed, but the delay in realising them will be temporary.

Meanwhile there are plenty of blessings for us to count. Among them is an abundance of food and sunshine.

It will not be hard to reconcile ourselves to our lesser hardships if we reflect that so many worse things could have happened had the fortunes of war gone the other way.



SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE: Our artist's view of a milk-bar.

## It seems to me...

A COLLEAGUE who had seen the film "Great Expectations" felt an urge to read the book again, and bought a copy one lunch-hour last week.

Shocked to the core, she reports that when she went into another shop to buy something else the boy behind the counter asked: "Is the book as good as the film?"

This brought us naturally on to the subject of Dickens. In this office, as in practically any collection of adults who can read, there are pro-Dickens and anti-Dickens camps, and the cleavage is always sharpened by a new Dickens film.

Being a staunch pro, I at the slightest provocation am only too delighted to hold forth on Dickens as a humorist, Dickens as a tear-jerker, Dickens as a fighter of social injustice, Dickens as a delineator of character (and don't talk to me of caricatures).

Furthermore, if allowed to get a word in among those who damn him as a sentimentalist and complain of the weariness of school-day dissection, I will recite the more heart-rending chapter endings from "David Copperfield," which I have read seven times.

I am usually thwarted in this, and as there may be many anti-Dickensers among the readers, I'll confine myself this time to asking why someone doesn't film "Our Mutual Friend," which has everything.

By the way, what a detective story "Our Mutual Friend" would have made! The mystery is revealed in a way that doesn't conform with modern practice—in a soliloquy by the mystery figure—but it has all the ingredients of a whodunit, and, of course, a lot more besides. But there I go again...

I TRY to keep this column cheerful on the whole, figuring that the prospects of civilisation's survival are doubtful enough to any discerning person, without my bone-pointing as well.

It's difficult the way the news is. While the third World War is discussed more and more openly, the second World War is, in effect, still with us—its results brought home once again by the discovery of those unburied bodies of atom bomb victims on Nishinoma, the island near Hiroshima.

Perhaps there's some good in the fact that that horror wasn't uncovered until now. It's a fresh reminder of what a third World War will mean.

Incidentally, John Hersey's book, "Hiroshima," now published in a Penguin edition, ought to be required reading in secondary schools.



Dorothy Drain

LATEST controversy on cruelty in sport centred on the project of an archery club in New South Wales to hunt kangaroos.

Police eventually stopped the expedition, but earlier the archers had denied that the sport was cruel. One claimed that it was not as cruel as using 22 rifles. Another said that bow-and-arrow hunting gave the animal a much greater sporting chance than did rifles.

These are quibbles. If people like killing things for sport, they may as well be honest, and say so. And they may as well admit that the excitement they get outweighs any qualms about the animals' pain.

But don't talk about "sporting chances." The kangaroo isn't conscious of any sporting element in the thing at all.

USUALLY it is the Bench that takes a stern line with frivolous or slangy use of the language, but the tables have been turned.

In a New South Wales court, when the magistrate asked, "Were the men 'on the pig's ear'?" the constable said: "They had been drinking, if that is what your Worship means."

I like that. It shows that a long education by the Bench has not been wasted.

For magistrates and judges are notorious in their ability to insulate themselves from vulgar slang. Indeed, often they need the simplest colloquialisms explained to them.

I sometimes think it must be quite difficult for those with teen-age sons and daughters. They must need cotton-wool in their ears at meal-tables if they are to preserve their Olympian ignorance.

AFTER a trip to Europe a Canadian dress designer reported to a Canadian paper that "fashions will soon calm down."

Hysteria that stems from hemis,  
And skirts of frenzied flaring,  
And waists encircled by a cinch  
(A corset that's inclined to pinch),  
And other things we're wearing,  
Will fade away,  
Or so they say,  
With influences calming;  
But for myself I feel that still  
I'll not be soothed, or not until  
The cost gets less alarming.

## Interesting People



MISS ININ CLUNIES-ROSS

... Cocos Islands "princess"

GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER of the first settler on the Cocos Islands, attractive Inin Clunies-Ross has left her family's island kingdom and is visiting Australia. During the war she went to England and became private secretary to Frank Gillard, B.B.C. announcer and producer. When her father died in 1944 the island was left with no ruler. Her brother John was in England, but is now back as the young "king of the Cocos."



DR. CHANDLER BROOKES

... Likes Australia

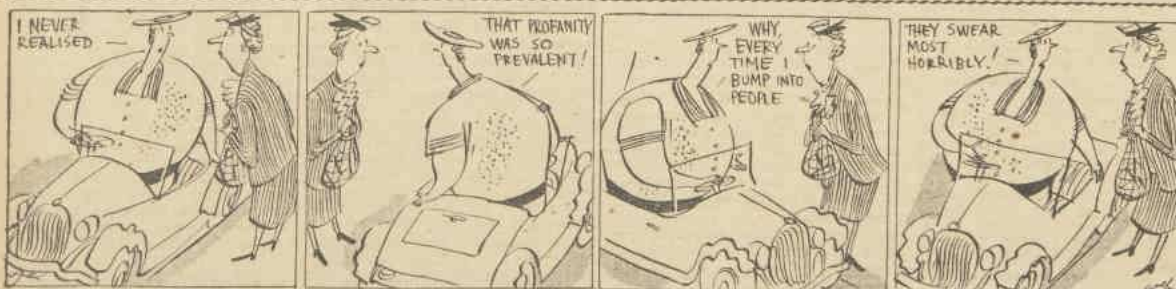
TALL, thin, academic-looking Dr. Chandler Brookes, physiologist and doctor of philosophy of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, Baltimore, U.S.A., is impressed with "indescribable friendliness" of Australians he has met during visit here. He is lecturing at all our universities on human nervous system and part brain centres play in maintaining balance. He came here under auspices of Australian postgraduate committee in medicine.



MISS CATHERINE GOOD

... Aid to cripples

"ATTITUDE to cripples has changed entirely in past 100 years. Now stress is on development of abilities rather than pity for disability," says fair-haired young welfare worker Catherine Good, almoner and chief executive officer of Victorian Society for Crippled Children. During recent visit to Europe she studied latest methods in treatment and education. Makes report this week in Sydney to Australian Advisory Council for Physically Handicapped.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



# Lovely Countess Kenmare returning in Orion



KEEN HORSEWOMAN, the Countess of Kenmare is seen here with daughter Pat Cavendish during a hunt at Cottesmore, England.

## Brings family on visit to her native land

By KING WATSON, returning from our London office in the Orion

Four times widowed Countess Kenmare, daughter of the late Charles Lindeman, of Sydney, is returning to Australia in the Orion for the first time in 19 years.

With her are her three children, 33-year-old Roderick Cameron, 22-year-old Patricia Cavendish, and 21-year-old Caryl Cavendish.

ENID LINDEMAN'S marriage 35 years ago to wealthy American Roderick Cameron took her out of Australia, where she was one of the most beautiful girls of that or any era before or since.

In international circles to which this led her she was just as outstanding, not only for her beauty but for her grace and wit and as a hostess of great charm.

Her father, Charles Lindeman, founder of the famous Cawarra vineyard, N.S.W., is dead, but her mother is still alive, and is over eighty.

The prospect of seeing her again is an overwhelming joy for the Countess.

Many confused and pleasurable anticipations, emotions, and nostalgias built up over 19 long years were evident in my interview with her in her suite.

She told me she intends to spend about six months in Australia.

### Four times widowed

ENID KENMARE has had more than any one woman's fair share of tragedy. Four times she has been widowed.

After the death of her first husband she married General Frederick Cavendish, who in 1921 took her and the son of her first marriage, Roderick, then seven, to Egypt, where he commanded the 9th Lancers.

There were two children born of this marriage, Patricia and a son, Caryl.

After the death of the General in 1931, she visited Australia with her children for the only time in the past 35 years.

On her return to Europe, Enid Cavendish met and married the fabulously wealthy Viscount Furness in 1934.

He died during the German occupation of France while they were living on the Riviera.

Caryl was at Eton when the Germans walked in.

As soon as America had come into the war her son Roderick had flown there via Lisbon, joining the Intelligence Service, which later transferred him to England.



WEDDING to the Earl of Kenmare at Brompton Oratory in 1943 attracted great interest. This was the Countess' fourth marriage, and she is now a widow.

Enid Furness married her fourth husband, witty, brilliant journalist, author, poet, Viscount Castlerosse, whose Earldom of Kenmare includes some of the Lakes of Killarney in its 16,000 acres.

Castlerosse was then conducting "Londoner's Log," a famous feature in the "Sunday Express."

The marriage of these two talented people, who had known each other for twenty years, made the wittiest, most hospitable host and hostess combination in London society—till the death of Lord Kenmare ended it nine months later.

### Three children

COMPENSATION for the incredible succession of tragedies in her life has been her three charming children, all of whom are with her on this trip, and of whom she is vastly proud.

Patricia is 22, dresses beautifully, and is undoubtedly influenced by her mother's perfect taste.

She has thick, honey-colored, wavy hair, which cascades in natural curls well below her shoulders.

Caryl, 21, has just left the Grenadier Guards after four years' service.

He went straight into the Guards after finishing at Eton. He won the belt of honor at Sandhurst, and was sent to Germany at the end of the war.

He is one of the most constant swimmers at the ship's pool.

Roderick Cameron, 33, is a reserved and studious American citizen, who spends a great deal of time in the ship's library reading the quite extensive collection of reference works about Australia that are available there.

He is ardently interested in archaeology, which is indirectly responsible for the Countess' reputation in this ship of being a mystery woman.

All four had been living in the South of France in one of the Countess' three houses at Cap Ferrat.

They flew to Cairo, and, while waiting for the Orion to reach Port Said after unexpected delays in London, the Countess chartered a private steam yacht, and, with seven guests, sailed up the Nile on a three weeks' cruise to Assuan and Luxor.

"Then," said the Countess, "we all went on a seven-day camel trip from Mena to Fiume Oasis in the Sahara."

No doubt seeing my slightly raised



STRIKING PORTRAIT of the Countess in Court robes was taken at the Coronation of George VI. She was then Lady Furness, wife of millionaire Viscount Furness, who died in 1940.



YOUNGER SON CARYL, now 21, is son of second marriage. He inherits his mother's good looks.

eyebrows, she said: "Oh, yes! That's what children do for you."

"We had 21 camels, with seven tents for our seven guests, and we travelled six or seven hours a day."

"Roderick wanted to see some special temple at Sakkara."

When I asked which one, she said: "I'm afraid I haven't the slightest idea. I seem to have tripped round after Roderick, looking at thousands of temples."

Their destination was one of the duck shoots owned by the King of Egypt—the biggest duck shoot in the world.

It is infested with malarial mosquitoes, and the Countess contracted malaria and had to be brought back to Cairo.

Then came news that all had to be inoculated before joining the Orion, because of the cholera epidemic raging in Egypt.

The combination of this and the malaria left the effects from which the Countess has still not fully recovered. She has been going straight from her suite to the restaurant, and, after a light meal, back by the shortest route.

"It was a silly thing to do at my age," said the Countess.

But actually she seems to have no relation to this lovely woman. She is beautiful in any company and by any standards.

Her skin is as smooth as a young girl's, she is slender and tall, with a beautiful carriage.

She doesn't smile a great deal, but is charming when she does.

She has cool blue-grey eyes, and if her slow, grave way of talking

has grown out of her tragic personal experiences it is more than understandable.

Her mauve rinsed hair is cut short and done in soft curls close to her head. Her clothes are always in perfect taste.

She has not been seen in any evening frocks in this ship, but she told me she has many by famous Paris couturiers.

Nearly all are represented, but the majority of her frocks are by Christian Dior and Balenciaga.

I asked if she liked the three-quarter-length skirt which Dior, above all Paris couturiers this year, is pushing on the fashion world.

She said: "No, and I don't think it will last, but when one spends most of one's time in France one must wear what the French wear."

She added ruefully, "I don't think I'll be able to wear many of them in Australia." But probably she will.

### To Barrier Reef

THE Countess' brother, Dr. Grant Lindeman, is hiring a yacht for her, in which she and her children and as many relatives as possible can get away to spend a month on the Barrier Reef.

"Apart from seeing Mother, my greatest thrill will be seeing my brothers Grant, Stanley, and Roy and my sister, Mrs. Rupert Panning, and their children, all of whom have been born since I was last in Australia," she said.

The Countess, who is an accomplished painter and interior decorator, has entirely arranged her own house off Grosvenor Square, London.

She has with her a complete mural done for one room of her London house.

It is of French design, showing a scene at Versailles in grey and white wash.



# When On a Honeymoon

Continued from page 3

FROM the doorway Laura took one last look round, and then locked the door behind her, satisfied. Let the honeymoon go on!

She sat alone with her knitting that night. Bertha was at the pictures. Laura smiled as her mind went to Boots. She imagined Boots' face when, arriving home late and breathless, she opened the door just five minutes ahead of him.

Boots would ring her in the morning to say, "Darling, you saved my life again. I still have a handsome husband, but I owe it all to you!"

Laura heard a step across the verandah and looked up as the door opened. It was Jim.

"Jim, dear!" she said. "Where is Boots?"

"At home." Jim bent to brush her cheek with his lips. "How are you, mother?"

"Never better," Laura smiled. "And you?"

"All right," Jim said, but Laura knew him too well. He dropped into a corner of the sofa, crossing his long legs. Some little upset at the office, probably, and Jim had come for her to kiss the hurt. Laura waited, knitting.

"Mother," Jim said finally. "Boots left instructions with John that nobody was to go into the flat while she was away. John told you, didn't he?"

Laura looked up. Unaccountably, her heart began to thud.

"He told me, Jim," she said, "but why? Boots couldn't have meant me, could she?"

"She meant you in particular, I should say. Jim's shaky grin begged her to take it. "She probably left a few dishes in the sink, and you know how you'd feel if you did that, and your mother-in-law came—"

"Snooping?" Laura said it for him as the blood rushed to her face.

Jim let it stand. He said only, "It's her home, you know."

Laura sat there, her hands clenched in her knitting as he looked at him beseechingly. But in Jim's eyes she saw only loyalty to Boots.

"Jim," she managed to say at last. "I'm so terribly sorry. If I had the wisdom of my years, I'd have known better. All I can say, dear, is that I meant well. I had a pie for your dinner, and—"

"And that's another thing, Mother," Jim said. "Don't bring us things to eat. Boots might get the idea that you're worried about me in her hands, and you needn't be, you know. She's honestly a good little cook when she wants to be. Why, we had a pie for dinner to-night that you couldn't have told from Bertha's."

There was vast pride in Jim's voice, and Laura sat there swallowing until she could say, "Jim, it won't happen again, and—and thank you for telling me."

The relief in Jim's eyes cut Laura to the heart. Brushing her cheek again, he said happily, "I knew I could count on you, Mother. It's just that I want my girls to like each other. You get it, don't you?"

"I get it, dear," Laura reached up to brush the forelock back from his forehead.

Fortunately Boots wasn't the kind to nurse a grievance, so the week was hardly up before she rang up to break the ice.

"What's for dinner to-night, Mother?" she asked lightly.

And thinking fast, Laura said, "Oh, steak and caramel cream and—"

"Mmmmmmm! Want me to bring your pride and joy round?"

"Why not let my son bring the family's pride and joy round?" Laura said with quick grace.

It was over, then, and she had learned! Bertha was ironing again, and from the hall Laura called: "Visitors for dinner, Bertha!"

"I heard you talkin'," Bertha grunted.

"Will you make the pie, Bertha, while I go out shopping and—"

"I got ironin' to do."

"Bertha, for heaven's sake! Are you taking in washing and ironing?"

"Looks like it, don't it?" A note in Bertha's voice put a period to the subject, and Laura glanced at her watch. There was no use in making an issue of it. She'd have

time to make the pie after she'd been out shopping.

She just managed it, and dinner was ready by the time the children's car turned in the drive. She came into the hall to meet them, followed by Bertha. They were in fine fettle. Brushing his mother's cheek, Jim said, "Nice of you to think of having us to dinner, Madame! I can use a square meal. My wife has developed into a gadder this week, and I've been living on quickies."

"But you have lived, haven't you?" Laura said, as Boots came behind her, arms outstretched. "How's my daughter?"

"Squelched!" Boots wrinkled her nose at Jim.

They brought zest to the house and joy in living. Laura tried not to notice that Jim was eating hungrily while Boots wrapped them in her easy charm, giving them a rollicking account of the golf foursome that afternoon. Sue Carroll had got into a sand trap on the fourteenth hole and it took her fourteen strokes to get on to the green.

"Honestly, we thought she'd go up in steam!" Boots bubbled.

Looking at inch-high meringue, Jim cut in. "Bertha, could I kiss your hand?"

"It ain't any hand o' mine," Bertha said. "I was ironin' shirts when Mrs. Jim called to say you was comin'."

"Shirts?" Jim loved to rib Bertha. "Are you keeping a man, Bertha?"

"I'm helpin' to keep one, anyhow."

"This thing has gone pretty far, hasn't it?" Jim assumed deep con-

cern. "Hadden't I better ask him what his intentions are?"

"Mebbe you better ask his wife." Bertha had already reached the kitchen door when Jim, on a sudden thought, called, "Just a minute, Bertha. Those wouldn't be my shirts, would they?"

"Seventeen years, now, you been the only man in my life, far as I can see." Bertha shut the kitchen door behind her. The palms of Laura's hands were suddenly moist as Jim looked at Boots. His eyes were icy, detached, and the end of the honeymoon was in them. Boots dropped her gaze to her plate.

"Mother," he said, "I'm sorry for what I said the other night. It seems to be a case of what's yours is ours, and what's ours is our own, doesn't it?"

"Just a minute, darling!" Boots looked up. "Are you, by any chance, apologising to your mother for me?"

Jim's eyes went back to Boots.

"Jim!" Laura twisted her hands in her lap, but Jim said to Boots, "On second thought, let's be the perfect guests, shall we? After all, we're self-invited, it seems."

When the children had gone, after a polite but strained interval, Laura climbed the stairs and tapped on Bertha's door.

"We seem to be a case of the pot and the kettle, Bertha," she said.

"She can't iron shirts for sour apples, Mrs. Meldrum," Bertha said, "and I said for her to bring 'em Fridays 'cause I knew you'd be out shopping."

the gym with the best of them, so they think they can't have it.

"They can have it and it can kill them if it is not caught in time," he said emphatically.

"If we could awaken every young person in Australia to the dangers of T.B. we would go a long way towards arresting the incidence of the disease."

Dr. John Hughes, the busy Director of T.B. for N.S.W., said that youths and young men were more health conscious than girls, and for that reason T.B. was usually discovered and cured more quickly in males.

The young man is also a more restful patient in a sanatorium and gives himself a better chance to heal securely.

"When we tell young people infected with tuberculosis that they must spend 12 months in a sanatorium we can usually be sure there is more likelihood of a man staying the full time than a girl," he said.

## Family mistakes

DR. HUGHES said families often did a great deal of harm to young women sufferers from the disease.

"A girl having her initial rest in a sanatorium looks healthy in three months," he said.

"The family notices this when it visits her, and immediately points out how much harder mother has to work in the home because of the daughter's absence."

"You'd be surprised if you knew how often a girl shortens her stay in a sanatorium for this reason."

Dr. Hughes said records showed that when a girl leaves a sanatorium she often tries to take up life exactly where she left off.

"She hasn't much money after not earning, so she immediately chases off to work to earn some," he said.

"She also feels she has a lot to pick up in the amusement field, and as she has been told by her doctor not to take part in competitive or

"But why did you say anything to-night?" Laura asked.

Bertha's eyes snapped. "You ain't set foot in their house since that night he was here," she replied.

And there it was! Bertha's berserk streak coming out in partisanship for Laura. Flying before the wind, Laura said, "Remember, Bertha, we'll have only what she wants to give us of Jim."

She had Bertha there. To all intents and purposes, Jim was Bertha's son, too. Her broad face crumpled as she said, "I'm a-sorry, Mrs. Meldrum."

Laura wanted to be the one to break the ice this time, so she telephoned Boots a few days later. "Hello, dear," she said gaily. "Bertha's making an apple-pie. Could my son bring our pride and joy around?"

"He could if he would, but he won't!" Boots' voice was crisp. "Not until I have you here for dinner. You and Bertha. It's to be turn about, if I understood him."

Men! Laura was appalled that Jim could put a bride in such a situation. She said, "But there are two of us here, dear, both old hands at the game, and we love having you."

"But Jim said he wanted you here. Besides, it's no picnic for me to go to your house and have Bertha throw up to me—"

"Boots, she's been part of the family for so many years," Laura said softly. "and we love her, you know."

"Of course you do!" Boots agreed pleasantly.

## T.B. menaces popular girls who enjoy life of gaiety

The more attractive a girl is, the greater is the danger that she will contract tuberculosis.

That is the opinion of Dr. O. W. Mater, Health Officer of the Municipal Council of Sydney, who says that the daily routine of the normally attractive Australian girl invites T.B. infection.

UNTIL girls and young women in the 15 to 25 age group realised this, he said, in an interview, T.B. would continue to be their deadly enemy.

"An attractive girl is taken out a fair bit, and that means late nights and hurried meals," Dr. Mater said. "She stays out late at night, gets up late in the morning, has time only for a cup of tea or coffee, and races off to work."

"She usually grabs a sandwich, cup of coffee, and cigarette at lunch hour, rushes home to dinner, and then off out again in the lightest clothing because she wants to look nice."

"If you tell her she is doing her best to contract tuberculosis she thinks it is the joke of the year."

Dr. Mater was outlining plans for the N.S.W. Health Week Exhibition which begins at the Sydney Town Hall on October 28.

"Youth" will be the theme of the exhibition, and he hopes that a free X-ray service in the Town Hall vestibule will show young people an easy way to check periodically the condition of their chests.

This service will be conducted by the Anti-T.B. Association of N.S.W. Dr. Mater and other doctors are concerned about the high incidence of T.B. among young Australians, particularly girls and young women.

They said that young men and women, particularly in the 15 to 25 age group, may look and feel quite healthy but still be infected with the disease in an early or advanced form.

"The great tragedy of the disease is that sufferers don't know they have it until it suddenly strikes them down," said one doctor.

"That is why it gets a firm hold on so many young people."

"They look and feel healthy. The girls think of T.B. in terms of the lovely, tragic decline of a Camille; and the fellows can take a turn in



ANOTHER INVITATION to dance means another late night for this pretty girl.

strenuous sport she thinks she will make up for things by dancing.

"Dancing means late-hours, light clothes, and rushed meals, and the whole vicious circle begins all over again for the unhappy girl."

To girls who find they have T.B. he says:

"Seek sanatorium care, and when you enter it be guided by the decision of your medical officer as to how long you should stay there."

"Don't take any notice of your reflection in the mirror, because you may look quite well."

"Don't pay any attention to visiting relatives who say you look well enough to start your old life again."

"Do exactly as your doctor tells you, and in time you will be completely restored to health."

Several doctors said that the high mortality rate among young people from T.B. was a world-wide problem, and would continue to be so unless youth could be educated to give adequate attention to meals, hours of rest, and periodical chest check-ups.

An eminent Australian doctor, an authority on T.B., said that to-day it was not necessary to isolate a T.B. sufferer, because people who were willing could be taught how to prevent infection from spreading to those around them.

Doctors, he said, could not afford to wait until patients sought medical advice about T.B.

"We must go out and find sufferers," he said.

LAURA said gently: "And she's been a second mother to Jim, dear."

"Gosh, then I must come third, mustn't I?" Boots said gaily. She paused, then added, "Mother, I think that's the doorknob I hear. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," Laura's throat tightened. "Run along, dear."

But Jim did the right thing. Regularly he dropped in each week and sat in a corner of the sofa while Laura knitted. He talked about his work. Sometimes, they would up on the foot of Bertha's bed while Bertha sat up, a huge mound under the bedclothes.

Somehow their minds seemed to turn from the present and the future to the past. Almost every sentence began with, "Remember the time . . . ?"

"We had good times, didn't we?" Jim said.

He looked tired and thin, but never once did he raid the refrigerator which they had so cravily baited. Once Laura said, "You know, Bertha, I think I'm hungry."

"Me, too!" Bertha said.

"Will you have a cup of coffee with us, Jim?" Laura said, but Jim said, "Nothing for me, thanks. I—I just got up from dinner."

But Boots would learn. She was determined to be first with Jim. Her easy charm had accustomed her to the spotlight and she was not inclined to share it—at least where Jim was concerned! Sometimes the best thing a mother could do for her son was to take herself out of his life. In her heart, Laura said good-bye to the children beyond dutiful formalities.

One afternoon Laura sat on the verandah with her book, stealing herself against the stillness of the house. During the years Jim was away at the war she had become accustomed to silence. She could get used to it again, she told herself.

A car turned in the driveway—Jim's car! But it couldn't be Jim. He would be at the office. The car door slammed, and Laura's heart lurched. It was Boots coming across the lawn, head down . . .

Something must be wrong . . . How young she looked in scarlet sweater and brief skirt, with the breeze in her dark hair. Young and turbulent.

"Boots!" Laura met her at the steps, both hands out. "How nice to see you." She patted the seat beside her. "How are you, dear?"

Boots' face was white and set. Her eyes avoided Laura's. Her voice was rebellious when she said, "Not so good. I just came from the doctor's. I'm going to have a baby."

"Boots!" All Laura's joy was in that one word, but at sight of Boots' rigid profile she faltered. "Aren't you aren't glad?"

"I hate it!" Boots said. "If it's a boy, he'll grow up and marry some young chit, and I—I'll be out."

Laura threw her head back, laughing until the tears came. Drying her eyes then, she patted Boots' clenched hands. "They were ice-cold."

"Boots," she said, "your daughter-in-law's husband is far from even being born as yet."

Boots' young eyes stared straight into the future, and her voice broke when she said, "Perhaps he'll marry a wash-out like me, and he'll be hungry, and I—I won't even dare to take him a b-bite t-to eat."

"Oh, good heavens, Boots!" Laura was the apprehensive one now. "Don't you dare talk like that. Promise me that you'll never say such silly things again."

Boots' eyes turned to her, brimming. She said, "Mother, what a flop you drew, didn't you?"

"My dear Mrs. Meldrum, the younger!" Laura was outraged. "If you are just half as lucky in your daughter-in-law as I am in mine—"

"I'll tell her off!" Fire flared behind the tears, and then, as Boots sat looking at Laura, the fire died. Laura's arms went around Boots, and Boots' head went down and snuggled comfortably on her shoulder.

"All right, she can have him," the voice came, muffled and wringing from the direction of Laura's shoulder. "But would you come to dinner to-night to celebrate? Y-you and B-Bertha?"

(Copyright)

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 25, 1947

MAKE, BAKE AND TAKE THE CAKE WITH AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.





STURDY YOUNGSTERS Paul Locke, Garry Williams, Lionel Johns, and Donnie (Ginger Meggs) Downer enjoy fruit at Camp MacKay.



CAMP MacKAY, Kurrajong, seen from air, resembles small township. Farm section (foreground) covers 40 of the 100 acres.

## City boys get week-end taste of country life

### Police camp grew from tents to modern 100-acre village

So successful is Camp MacKay, the Police-Citizens' Boys' Club movement holiday resort at Kurrajong, N.S.W., that new camps are to be established shortly at Wollongong and Cessnock, and Western Australia, Queensland, and New Zealand are now following the experiment.

The "camp," which started in a small way eight years ago, is now like an attractive village, and the word "camp" hardly does full justice to the scheme.

**S**TANDING on the heights of Kurrajong is the 100-acre settlement where more than 6000 youngsters a year spend a holiday in surroundings as modern as any resort.

They have their own picture theatre, spacious dormitories, dining-room, a well-equipped recreation-room, and a playground with various roundabouts, and parallel bars.

A swimming-pool as large as any boy could wish is provided by a nearby weir, built at Weenie Creek, and providing water for the whole settlement.

The original camp consisted mainly of tents and uncleared bush-land, but as the Police-Citizens' Boys' Club movement grew in strength donations, and funds enabled it to be extended.

About 60 boys each week-end came from Sydney by special bus to the settlement, bringing pyjamas, toothbrush, and towel.

The holiday costs them nothing, as it is financed from funds of the various metropolitan clubs.

They sleep in airy, modern dormitories, with 22 beds to a hut, and eat home-grown products from the 40-acre farm at the camp.

As soon as they arrive the boys are off with a supervisor to explore the bush tracks near the settlement, swim in the camp weir, or fish

Much credit for the success of these week-end holidays goes to the Camp Superintendent, bluff, genial Sergeant Stevens, and other police who devote all their spare time to running the camp.

And the boys appreciate it fully. Youngsters from clubs at Glebe, Surry Hills, and Five Dock are free to wander round the farm section and see their first pigs, sheep, and wheat.

Their comments are a curious mixture of nonchalance and awe.

Fair-haired John Sargent, 10, of Mortdale, had his first glimpse of pigs when he visited the Stud Pig Farm at the camp, run in collaboration with Mr. Russell, of Hawkesbury Agricultural College.

"My word they're a dirty lot, but they're worth a lot of money," he announced.

Some of them become so interested in the farm activities that they offer to spend their time helping milk cows, feed animals, and weed the vegetable plots.

"We don't ask them to do any work around the camp unless they want to, because it is a holiday and they should make the most of it," Sgt. Stevens said.

Among things the boys like most at the camp are the beds and the modern showers.

Many of them come from homes where sheets are a luxury.

An added luxury comes when they turn in at 9 p.m.

By JOAN POWE,  
staff reporter

A public address system broadcasts radio programmes to each dormitory, and they're allowed to listen for about an hour.

Boys from eight to eighteen get their chance to come to the camp for week-ends, and are chosen on a merit basis at their local club.

Little fellows of eight or nine are under the special care of Constable Edward Spiers, who is known as the "Mother of the Camp."

Tall, fair-haired, and the father of two young children himself, he knows how to cope with any problems of home sickness or tears.

"I go the rounds of my dormitory and tuck them up at night, talk to them, and give them a little bit of kidding," he said.

The Police Boys' Clubs do not breed cry-babies, and should any fights develop camp supervisors see that they're conducted under Marquess of Queensberry rules.

Fighting, they consider, is normal with any healthy youngster, and the metropolitan clubs rate boxing instruction high. So bullies don't have a chance to develop.

The camp has its own first-aid room, but its dearest project is the Gracie Fields Hospital, which is now being built.

"It was donated from money raised by Gracie Fields when she was out here, and we're proud of it," Sgt. Stevens said.

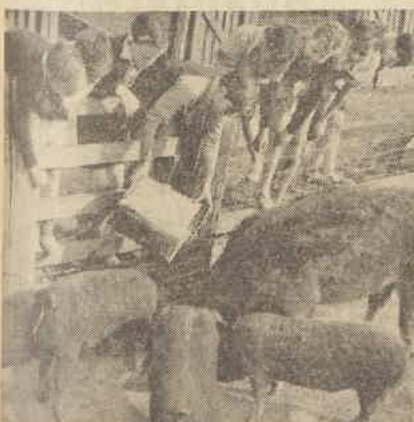
Plans are being made to build a sports oval.

Perhaps the greatest and most important aspect of Police Commissioner MacKay's scheme for city boys is the friendship it breeds between them and members of the police.

When you see someone like Constable Spiers tucking the younger boys up in bed, or Sgt. Walsh chatting with a group of 14-year-olds, you realise the value of the movement.



WRESTLING and boxing are popular with club members. Here Giles Kinsela, of Leichhardt, puts scissors on Boy Angus.



STUD PIG FARM helps raise money for camp. There are always onlookers at feeding-time.



QUIET SPOT along the creek attracts this young angler, armed with string and bent pin.



STORY-TIME for younger boys is held by Constable Spiers, in charge of eight-year-olds.



# Wedding Bells!

And only 6 months ago we thought  
we'd NEVER get married!  
It was like this...



\* Made with Milk

**HORLICKS**  
GIVES YOU...

- ✓ PROTEIN
- ✓ VITAMINS B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and D
- ✓ MINERAL SALTS
- ✓ CALCIUM
- ✓ PHOSPHORUS
- ✓ FAT



**HORLICKS** GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE Sun moves into the sign Scorpio this week, bringing opportunities and good fortune for most Scorpions, Cancerians, and Pisceans.

Conditions also improve for most Capricornians and Virgoans, but Taurians, Aquarians, and Leonians should live cautiously, and dodge losses and upsets.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time, subtract two hours; for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Beware rashness and ailments on Oct. 21 and 22, but 27 (afternoon) and 28 (after 2 p.m.) both helpful for minor matters.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Finalize urgent matters on Oct. 21 (evening), or 22 (1 p.m. to 4 p.m.), then live quietly for some weeks. Oct. 22 (late) poor, 23 and 24 adverse.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Make good use of Oct. 21 (after 1 p.m.), 23 (to 3 p.m.), and 24 (after 6 p.m.) to finalise important matters. Rest of week poor, so live quietly.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Seek romance, favors, and gains now, and be confident. Oct. 25 (after midday) very fair, 28 excellent. Oct. 27 (to 4 p.m.) very good.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Caution needed now, as domestic affairs or romance can cause worry. Use Oct. 28 (evening) for urgent matters, but keep to routine tasks for rest of week.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to Sept. 23): Keep to routine matters this week, and do not

## Newsprint cuts

THE newsprint cuts arising out of the dollar crisis have increased pressure on space, making it necessary for us to discontinue the feature, "What's On Your Mind?" Letters from readers published in this column have caused many lively discussions, and it was with great regret that the decision to drop the feature was made.

Discontinued also for the present are Carolyn Earle's answers to beauty queries which were published once a month. Her beauty column will continue to appear every week, providing valuable advice on all glamor problems.

IMPOSSIBLE the impossible. Oct. 21 (evening) and 22 (to 4 p.m.) both fair.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Finalize important matters on Oct. 23 (after 4 p.m.), or 24 (to 3 p.m.), then live quietly. Oct. 24 (to 3 p.m.) adverse, then quite good.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Romance, business and gains possible now, so be confident. Oct. 25 (after midday) very fair, 26 excellent, 27 (to 4 p.m.) and 28 (to 3 p.m.) both very good.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Hunting best this week. Oct. 24 (after 9 a.m.) fair, 25 poor. Oct. 27 (after 3 p.m.) moderately good.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Discontinue early on Oct. 21, 22 (early), 23, and 24 (to 6 p.m.). Live quietly now for best results.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Beware pitfalls now. Oct. 21 (evening), 22 (after midday), and 23 (to 3 p.m.) all helpful, but rest of week tricky and adverse. Be cautious.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Plan ahead now, and concentrate on romance, travel, and travel. Oct. 25 (after midday) good, 26 excellent, 27 (to 4 p.m.) very helpful. Make good use of these days.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents its astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## Your Coupons

TEA: 27-49 (27-49 expires Nov. 9).  
BUTTER: 21-36.  
MEAT: Black, 78-81; green, 80-95.  
CLOTHING: 1-36 current.



# Mandrake the Magician



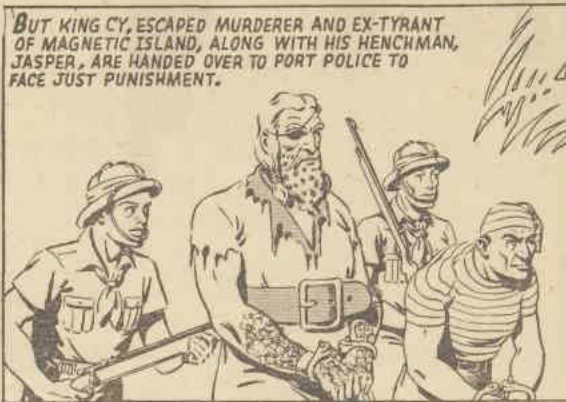
**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with  
**COLONEL BARTON:** In search of the rare  
flame-colored pearls. His daughter  
**BETTY:** Is also on board the yacht Argos. The  
four land on a magnetic island, where  
**KING CY:** Escaped convict, captures them. Cy

uses seamen, wrecked on the island, as his  
slaves. But he finds Mandrake and Lothar  
too much for him. In a grim fight, Lothar  
defeats the island ruler and frees his slaves.  
A charge of dynamite sends the island back  
to the ocean bed, and the Argos continues on  
its way.  
**NOW READ ON:**

THE ARGOS REACHES A TROPICAL  
PORT, WHERE THE FUGITIVES  
FROM MAGNETIC ISLAND  
DISEMBARK, TO RETURN  
TO CIVILIZATION.



BUT KING CY, ESCAPED MURDERER AND EX-TYRANT  
OF MAGNETIC ISLAND, ALONG WITH HIS HENCHMAN,  
JASPER, ARE HANDED OVER TO PORT POLICE TO  
FACE JUST PUNISHMENT.



NOW THAT WE GOT THOSE  
MEN OFF OUR HANDS,  
COLONEL BARTON, WE  
CAN CONTINUE THE  
SEARCH FOR THE  
FLAME PEARLS.

WE'LL KEEP SEARCHING, MANDRAKE.  
SOMEDAY, SOMEDAY, WE'LL FIND  
THEM.



POOR DAD, HE'S SPENT YEARS  
SEARCHING FOR FLAME PEARLS.  
IT'S LIKE CHASING THE  
RAINBOW FOR HIM. HE'LL  
NEVER FIND THEM. I THINK  
THE ONE HE HAS IS A  
FREAK STONE.

WELL, WE HAVE VISITORS,  
BETTY.



NATIVES FROM THE ISLAND APPROACH THE YACHT,  
BRINGING FLOWERS, FOOD AND TRINKETS, WHICH  
THEY HOPE TO TRADE OR SELL...



THERE, HANGING AT THE  
THROAT OF THE FAT, OLD  
CHIEF, GLEAMING,  
SCINTILLATING, IS A  
FLAME  
PEARL!



CHIEF SAY--  
NO SELL  
FLAME STONE.

TELL THE CHIEF I DON'T WANT TO BUY THE  
FLAME PEARL. I WANT TO KNOW WHERE  
HE GOT IT!



TO BE CONTINUED





**WHITE BALL.** Mrs. Robert Noss (left) in white corded moire off-the-shoulder model, with Mrs. Gordon Wharton, who wore her ice-riding gown of white georgette with beaded lace bodice. Her dress featured the new padded hipline made with tiny crinolines.



**LOVELY GOWNS.** Heather McPhee (left), Mrs. Laurence Morgan, of Spots, and Mrs. John Favell present contrasts in fashion at the White Ball.

## Intimate Gossipings

**Q**UIET descends on Sydney's social life after gay round of races, dances, and cocktail parties held during Spring Race Carnival. It's just the quiet before the storm really, while most punters have a breathing spell before dusting off their suitcases and packing up for Melbourne Cup Week.

Lovely race ensembles will be carefully packed in tissue-paper before starting natives in Victoria, but for good measure anyone who is an old hand at this Melbourne Cup business will have the winter suit and topcoat all "doed" up to take along, too. Melbourne can be mighty tricky on the weather front, and seems to delight in uncertainty for Cup Day itself.

**N**OT only at Randwick, but at big social events throughout the week—the White Ball, Australian Club reception, dance at Royal Sydney, dance at Government House, and at Sydney night spots—lovely frocks make their appearance. In fact, fashion news is keynote of male and female conversation.

**W**OULDN'T be a judge at the White Ball for all the tea in China is cry of most women who attend ball. So male trio, Mr. Roy Buckland, Mr. Frank Packer, and Mr. Marcel Dekyvere are asked to do mammoth job of choosing three loveliest frocks on floor. Connie Bovill, Dinah Meeks, and Jess Smith are their choice. They are brought to platform to be presented with prizes—while every other woman on dance floor fascinated by fashion note of their gowns. Mrs. Smith tells me final stitch of her lovely needle-run lace frock was put in just before she left for ball. She will pack frock to take down to Melbourne Cup, where she will be guest of Mrs. Norman Sheppard. Now that Shannon, their horse, is not running in Melbourne, her husband, Mr. W. J. Smith, has decided not to go down.

**L**ADIES' DAY at Randwick follows night of White Ball and fashions, because of inclemency of day, are disappointing compared to Saturday's array of glamor. Many women, too, don't attend as Australian Club issues invitations for first reception to be held since war, and then there is big private dance given at Royal Sydney by Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Osborne, of Willaroo, Tarago; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Osborne, of Currandooley, Bungendore; Colonel and Mrs. T. F. L. Rutledge, of Gidleigh, Bungendore; and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Ashton, of Binda.

**F**ASHION news again made at Australian Club party when feminine guests arrive wearing wonderful hats. Gone evidently are the days of the cocktail toque. Following France's lead, women are wearing bigger and better hats for the cocktail hour.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Polo player "Binks" Mack, of Nyngonella, Narromine (left), squires Margaret Brownhill, of Beaudesert, Mudgee, to White Ball at Trocadero. They make up party with June Barnett and Alan Woods.



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** Bill Douglas celebrates twenty-first birthday with party at Prince's given by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Douglas, of Bellevue Hill. Janet Cooper (left) and Sue Playfair sit next to their host.

**A**BOVE crush of guests glimpse Mrs. Bill Moses, of Gunnedah, wearing wide-brimmed black Otto Lucas creation with her ice-blue shantung frock. Clare attends party with her husband after the races, and they are hosts to Clare's sister, Jean, and her husband, Graham Pratten, of Blayney, Bathurst, and Sydney.

Maggie Fielding Jones has one eye on clock as she entertains at dinner party at home in honor of her daughter, Dinah, who celebrates eighteenth birthday and coming-out at dance at Royal Sydney on same night.

**A**NOTHER postwar note over race week is appearance at all parties of French champagne. Bellevue Australian Club members pooled quotas, and champagne was served as cocktails with outside strawberries floating in it. Same beverage made its appearance at dinner parties prior to dance at Royal Sydney and at dance itself. Bellevue Pat Levy's dinner party held before dance was one of super parties given during week.

**A**FTER final bars of "Till We Meet Again," young guests at Government House dance say their farewells to hostesses, Governor's daughters, Marjorie and Elizabeth. Dance is given by Governor, Lieutenant Northcott, and Mrs. Northcott to introduce friends of his daughters to Marjorie's fiancé, Major Donald Coburn, before the couple's marriage on November 5.

Have never seen such array of lovely dresses worn by such pretty lasses. Both Marjorie and Elizabeth chose white—Marjorie white crepe and Elizabeth white broderie anglaise. Think one of most outstanding frocks is worn by Swedish visitor, Marianne von Heland, whose duck-egg green marquisette frock set off her titian beauty.

**T**HIS Tuesday's bride, Roslyn Dangar, came with her fiancé, David Ritchie. She wore a pale blue satin moire gown.



**CANDID SNAP** of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Garvan, of Merrabooka, Quirindi, arriving at Randwick on Ladies' Day. Patsy's black braided frock showed new fashion line of padded hip. Couple made Australia Hotel their headquarters while in Sydney.

**A**FTER two weeks' honeymoon in Melbourne, Frank Adams and his bride, formerly Jean Jenkins, will make their future home at Boomli, Moree. Couple recently married at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay, and Jean's wedding gown was lovely creation of magnolia satin, pearl embroidered. Her sister, Mrs. Edward Pallias, wore an ice-blue crepe frock, and carried iris and roses.



**PRETTY GIRL.** Ann Dixon escorted by Ian McFarlane, of Canberra, wore pale pink marquisette with beaded satin bodice for her gown at White Ball. Dress was not strapless, as Ann chose soft line of filled-in marquisette bodice.



**BRISBANE WEDDING.** Lovely bride Mrs. Colin Milson, formerly Sheila Tonkin, of Sydney, leaves All Saints', Brisbane, with her husband after marriage. Sheila wears ice-blue taffeta American model with matching hat and carries lovely spray of Cattleya orchids.



# WORTH Reporting

**A**n erect, beautifully groomed sea captain told me the other day that some people are determined to consider him a "deceitful old devil with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel."

He is 70-year-old Captain Alex Donaldson, master of the Burns, Philp steamer *Marella*, who hopes to see many more years of service.

Although he has had 56 years at sea and sailed the oceans during three wars, Captain Donaldson looks on his work to-day as "so easy, least you women will be running our passenger ships in ten years' time."

"My foot isn't anywhere near the grave, I hope," he told us.

"Standing on the bridge of a ship these days is as strenuous as resting on your own back verandah, so I think I have a few years ahead of me."

Son of a ship's master and a mother who had several brothers at sea, Captain Donaldson joined the crew of a sailing ship when he was 14 years of age.

"We had rotten pork, weevily biscuits, seldom a dry bunk or clothes, and plenty of kicks, but they certainly made sailors of us," he said.

"The youth of to-day couldn't stand it."

Captain Donaldson has always liked the fact that he was born in Aberdeen.

"To be born in Scotland, live out of it, and write about it is a wonderful thing," he said.

## Aboriginal nurses

**FIVE** girls have begun training under the Queensland Government's scheme for training aboriginal and half-caste girls as nurses for hospitals at aboriginal settlements.

There are hospitals at Cherbourg, Weerabinda, and Palm Island, each of them under the supervision of a white matron.

Palm Island has been chosen for the first training school because the matron, Matron A. Thompson, has had 12 years' experience in Solomon Islands hospital, where she trained native girls to do all kinds of hospital nursing work.

Queensland's Minister for Health and Home Affairs (Mr. A. Jones) states that in a few months' time more girls will be recruited, and that later another training school will probably be established at at least one of the other Government settlements.

## Centenarian

**MR. GEORGE SPENCER WHITE-**MAN, of Young, New South Wales, who celebrated his 100th birthday this month, has never gambled, smoked, nor drunk, and is noted as a philanthropist in his district.

When a young man earning only 7s a week he adopted the maxim of "one-tenth to the poor," and followed it throughout his life.

Born at Cobhitly, N.S.W., the son of parents who had come from Essex, England, he was sent to Goulburn at the age of 14 with a half-sovereign in his pocket to learn the drapery trade from the late Edmund Butler.

Later Mr. Butler offered to sell young Whiteman his branch store at Ballarat, and to assist him financially. Mr. Whiteman accepted and did well. When the mines started to peter out, Mr. Whiteman sold his business and moved to Young, where in 1883 he took over an empty shop and set up as a draper.

When he retired 40-odd years ago he was a wealthy man. Though he has given up many of the public positions he held, he is still, at 100, secretary of the district council of the Farmers and Settlers' Association.

## Animal Antics



"Golly, Julia, you didn't tell me Junior was teething!"

## Popular books

**AMONG** the new books most in demand at London libraries are "People of Quality," by Collie Knox; "White Coolie," by Ronald Hastain; "A Case To Answer," by Edgar Lustgarten; and "The Foxes of Harrow," by Frank Yerby.

"People of Quality" is a collection of short and pithy biographies; "White Coolie" is the unembittered autobiography of a prisoner of war in Japanese hands; "A Case To Answer" is a crime story; and "The Foxes of Harrow" is a historical romance set in the Southern States of America before the American Civil War.

**HANDBAGS** and suitcases with metal locks, corners, and other fittings will have vanished very soon from Britain's shops. Because of the demand for steel for export goods the Board of Trade has banned the manufacture of metal locks, hinges, and fasteners on leather goods, except if they are "for export only."

## Unexpected

**THE B.B.C.** has a Listener Research Department which finds the approximate number of listeners to programmes and their reactions.

Among the staff are interviewers who approach people in the streets and ask them what programmes they listened to the day before, and what they thought of them.

A woman asked a member of this department one day why neither she nor any of her friends had ever been interviewed, and was told that the chances of her being questioned were about equal to her chances of being struck by lightning.

"But," replied the woman, "I HAVE been struck by lightning."

## Quarantined flowers

**TRAVELLERS** arriving from overseas with flowers from the countries they visited are unfortunate if they decide on a bunch of blossoms from flowering peach, plum, or other fruit trees.

There's a 100 to one chance that the blossoms will end up in the incinerator at the Quarantine Depot instead of gracing the family mantelpiece in a vase.

Because of the tendency of flowers to carry plant diseases, insects, and bacteria, Quarantine officers carry out a routine inspection of all botanical species brought into the country.

Even a spray of orchids on the lapel is seized and subjected to a thorough inspection by Quarantine officers at the airport, where one of three courses is taken.

If inspection in the laboratory reveals freedom from pests or disease the flowers are returned to their owners.

In certain cases, fumigation with cyanide is decided upon, killing disease, but leaving the flowers relatively unharmed.

"It sometimes eats into the flowers if they are wet, but otherwise does not affect them," a Quarantine officer told us. "The owner can have them back after this precautionary measure."

But in the third case, which applies mainly to blossoms from any of the flowering fruit trees, the owner doesn't see the flowers again. Danger of spreading fruit diseases is so great that they are instantly destroyed.

Reaction of the general public to quarantine measures was usually most satisfactory, the officer said. After the position had been explained to them they became reconciled to relinquishing sprays, flowers, or leis.

## Fine needlework

**MISS MARGARET SUTHER-**LAND, a pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, elderly Scotswoman, who has been doing fine embroidery all her life, showed us some of her work recently.

Miss Sutherland embroiders samples for the Sydney branch of Coats and Clark, thread manufacturers, of Paisley, Scotland, and joined the firm in Scotland as a girl of 19. She had learned needlework from Spanish and Italian teachers in Glasgow.

Her favorite is her Spanish tea-cloth, done in Spanish stitches. When it was on show at Coats and Clark's exhibition during the recent Newcastle celebrations, she was offered £100 for it.

"But I'd never sell it," she told us. "I did it when I was a girl. I did it at night when I came home from working at sewing all day. Sometimes I'd be tired and tempted to put it down, but my father would say, 'Keep at it, Margaret,' and that's how I finished it."

We saw other beautiful cloths, and Miss Sutherland laughed as she saw us looking at the wrong side: "You'll see no knots there," she said.

Miss Sutherland gave us some advice for beginners: "Never begin with an advanced pattern. Work up to the more difficult things. Never begin or end with knots. Keep the work clean. Always choose the best material."

The only time when Miss Sutherland was too busy to embroider was when she spent five years in the V.A.D. and A.A.M.W.S.

"I nursed all the time," she said, "and once our colonel said to me: 'I don't believe you do embroidery. I've never seen you with a needle in your hand!'"

Perhaps the colonel will read this.

HAZEL



## Selective

**SALESMANSHIP** alighted from a girl in a shoe shop:

The store was featuring a very fancy-looking shoe, a type finished off by laces round the ankles. The salesgirl was told that if a customer didn't look as if she would become the shoe—particularly if she were over-dressed—then they were to say that they hadn't the size. We were relieved to hear that the model is no longer being made.

Otherwise we would probably have been unable to resist the awful fascination of seeing whether we could land a pair ourselves.

A LONDON correspondent reports this, overheard in a queue: "My husband come across a postcard wot I wrote 'im when I was on 'oliday in 1934. It says: 'Get in a joint of beef, a dozen eggs, four pints of milk, and 'alf a pound of butter.' You can't 'elp but laugh, can you?"

★ The Photographer SAID 'This shot should be a winner!'



★ But he MEANT

'Gosh she won't like this 'candid' shot of her blotchy complexion!'

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The Australian Women's Weekly — October 25, 1947

X.48.24

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*Mother, M.D.*  
answers an urgent call . . .



There are times in every home when mother is called upon to be the family "doctor of medicine." When serious illness is suspected, it is a case for the physician. But for simple, everyday disorders, it is to "Mother M.D." that the whole family looks for help.

It is for just such emergencies that Nyal Family Medicines are intended. Nyal medicines are *not* intended to replace the expert care and advice of your physician. They are designed for the safe, dependable treatment of the small, but upsetting illnesses which visit every home.

It is a wise precaution to have a well-stocked medicine cabinet. It is also a wise precaution to look for the name "Nyal" whenever you buy a medicine.

Your chemist will tell you that there is a Nyal Medicine for almost every ordinary ailment—each one safe, effective and, above all, dependable. Whenever you buy a medicine, play safe. Ask your chemist to suggest the appropriate NYAL Family Medicine.

**NYAL**  
FAMILY MEDICINES

**KEEP THESE IN YOUR  
MEDICINE CABINET**



**Nyal Milk of Magnesia** gives prompt relief from stomach upsets. It corrects acidity and wind, and has a mildly laxative effect. Nyal Milk of Magnesia is specially sweetened and flavored to make it pleasant to take. It is equally good for children or adults. 1/6.

**Nyal Figsen** is a gentle-acting laxative suitable for children, and just as effective for adults. Figsen contains figs, senna and cascara—it ends constipation without pain or discomfort. All chemists sell Nyal Figsen 24 tablets, 1/3.



**Nyal Baby Cough Syrup** is specially prepared for infants and children. It contains wholesome ingredients which quickly soothe irritating coughs. Nyal Baby Cough Syrup is pleasant-tasting, and can safely be given to children from two months old. 1/6.



SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS.



from page 5

VERY firmly, Teddy said, "We really must. Ask the nice man for the nice check."

"Now?"  
"Right now."  
"May I have this for a minute?"  
Chris picked up her hand from the table and found it as smooth and cool as it looked. "When am I going to see you again?"

She wrinkled her nose. "That's the trouble. Mother and I are stuck away at our week-end place and no relief in sight. Once in a blue moon we get to town for a night, but—"  
"But why?" he asked.  
"Dad let our house go, and now we can't find another. Dad lives at his club and comes out for week-ends."

"But that's ridiculous. Of course you can find a place, if you look hard enough."

"We've looked. Dad has tramped the streets. He and Mum insist on too many things. Six main rooms, and servants' room, and two baths, within half an hour of the city."

"Seems reasonable."

"Ha! Let's see you find one."  
"You took the words out of my head. Listen, Teddy, if I find you a home that suits your parents, will you see me from time to time?"

"See you? I'll love you forever."  
"With due allowance for exaggeration," Chris said, "it's a deal."

Next day Chris called on his pal, Rod Miles, who worked in a large estate agency.

Rod spent three-quarters of an hour going through files. He took Chris round the office and introduced him to a Mr. Hickley and a Mr. Thom, to each of whom he presented the Judson problem clearly and persuasively. Back at his own desk he telephoned a lot of people, using the help of each as a personal favor. He got nowhere.

At last he put his feet on a corner of his desk, lighted a cigarette, and said, "Christopher, I've just got one thing to offer you. It meets your specifications for rooms, bath, location, and rent. Only one little trouble with it."

"Hunted?"  
"Well, in a way, yes. It's occupied by Caroline Cottesworth Wembley. You know. The romantic novelist, 'Inconstant Moon' and 'Touch Me Not,' and all that."

"Oh," Chris said gloomily. "Well, I suppose she's got to live, too."

"You do, huh? Listen, my lad, she's got a big place in the country. But she's writing a new book, and she says she's got to be near town till she finishes it. And she has to be alone, for peace and privacy and uninterrupted concentration. So there she'll be till January or February. If you can talk her out of the place, if you can get her out by any legal means, I'll guarantee you can have it for your Judsons."

"Peace," Chris said dreamily. "Privacy. Uninterrupted concentration. Hmmm."

"We'd be delighted to get rid of her," Rod said. "She makes more trouble than a whole buildingful of decent tenants."

"Well, I'll see what I can do," Chris said, getting up. "What's the address?"

Rod Miles wrote it out for him on a slip of paper.

Caroline Cottesworth Wembley held up the sheet of paper in the typewriter and read over what she had written:

For a swarming moment, Maids lay quite still in his arms. The blood was hammering in her ears—Stop him! Stop him! Stop him! Stop him!—and her breath was coming through her mouth in sobbing gasps. Her fingers, pressing against the great muscles of his shoulders, ached and began to tremble. He raised his head, so that his hungry lips were against her cheek.

"Maids," he whispered, "Maids!"  
"Toni! Oh, Toni! What's to become of us, darling?"

Then his lips were . . .  
Caroline Cottesworth Wembley let the page fall. Staring at the paper, she gazed on the desk until her fingers found cigarettes and matches. Somebody knocked.

She pushed her chair back and strode to the door. Her loose, wrinkled smock made her look wider than she was, which was wide enough.

Her short grey hair was wildly disarrayed by her habit of running her fingers through it.

"Well?" she snarled at the young man.

"Mrs. Wembley?" he said.

"Yes!"  
"How lucky it is I found you in!" he said.

"It is not lucky," she stated. "I buy nothing. I give to no deserving causes. I am never photographed. I never read magazines. Does that answer your question?" She started to close the door.

He said: "I'm from the new owners."

"New owners of what?"

"Of this building. We're going to do it over completely, turn it into flats!"

"You're not!"

"Oh, but we've got the permits and, while we want to show every— If you'll let me make a few measurements, I'll be as quiet as possible. We've got to get the workmen in without delay, and—Thank you," he said, as she fell back hopelessly.

"Just go on with what you're doing. Oh, you do typing? I might throw some business your way, if—"

"I am a novelist!"

"Really? Well, well. That must be interesting. Have you had books published?"

"I am, Caroline Cottesworth Wembley."

"Yes. That's what it says on our records. Do you use a pen-name or—"

The look she turned on him should have frizzed his hair. She said, "Do your work and be quiet!"

He brought out a note book and a folding ruler.

She seated herself at the typewriter and took a fresh cigarette. She read over what she had written, ripped the page from the machine, crumpled it into a ball and threw it at the waste-basket. She ran a new sheet into the typewriter.

After ten minutes, she had the opening words in her mind. She tapped out:

And so, at last, Maids was in his arms, the arms she—

"Oh!" the measuring young man exclaimed from beside the book-case, where he was squatting. "I remember now! You wrote 'Inconstant Moon.' My poor old Aunt Margaret! Bats in the belfry. Harmless for years. Till she read that book. Middle of one night. First thing anybody knew, she was chasing the chauffeur around the house with a carving-knife."

The young man chuckled. "Poor man, respectably married and father of six, in nothing but a pair of pyjama pants. They had to lock her up after that. Still, I don't suppose you can be held responsible for people who read—"

"I thought you were going to be quiet!"

"Oh, golly! So I was."

Mrs. Wembley typed four more words.

"While you're interrupted," the young man said, "I wonder if you'd mind holding the rule—"

"I would mind!"

She snatched the sheet out of the machine. She crawled under the chair and fished out the crumpled original beginning of Chapter Eleven that had missed the waste-basket.

"Mind if I go through the rest of the rooms?" the young man asked. "If you'd like to keep an eye—"

"I'm sure I'll hear you."

"Thanks."

He was away for some time. She got two and a half pages of Chapter Eleven written before the crash.

The young man appeared in the doorway with his cupped hands full of broken glass.

"I'm most awfully sorry," he said.

"I had to get under the table to measure the radiator, and this lamp—"

"Have you finished?"

"Well, yes, for this afternoon. Will it be all right if the contractor's

men come in at seven-thirty in the morning?"

"It will not. I shall be asleep."

"Oh, that's okay. They'll ring till they wake you."

"I shall disconnect my front door-bell to-night. And bolt my door. And let nobody in."

The young man scratched his head. "We don't want trouble with our tenants," he said. "I mean, a woman of your age, an elderly woman, lends dignity. We don't want to get papers served on you and—"

"Get out of here!"

"A little patience, madam. The whole job will be finished in six weeks or two months, and then—"

"In six weeks!"

"Or two months. We'll have men working in two shifts."

"Go away!"

"Yes, ma'am. The men from the contractor's will be here in the morning, and I—"

She held the door open. "Get out!"

"Yes, ma'am. Good afternoon, ma'am."

At half past eight next morning, when Caroline Cottesworth Wembley was at breakfast, two young men in overalls brought in nine paint-speckled boards and two sawhorses and stacked them in the middle of the living-room.

—BUTCH—



At three that afternoon, when Mrs. Wembley was in a frenzy over the big scene between Maids and Tom, a man came, climbed up to the fuse-box in the kitchen, did something mysterious, and went away.

An hour later, when she tried the living-room lights, they did not respond. Caroline Cottesworth Wembley went to bed by candlelight.

At ten the following morning two technicians arrived. One lay on his stomach near the desk where Mrs. Wembley was just getting to work, and the other went into the main bedroom. The man in the bedroom yelled, "Okay, Mike!"

The one in the living-room struck the floor eight or nine resounding whacks with a wooden mallet. The other shouted, "No!"

Mike got up, moved to a new position directly behind Mrs. Wembley, and sang out, "Ready, Joe?" They repeated the operation, but without success. They tried again and again, and finally gave up.

"Funny!" Mike said. "The boss was sure—"

"In these here old buildings you never know where you're at . . . Well, thanks lady. Got to bring four more men, so we can really cover—"

They went away.

That afternoon, after Caroline Cottesworth Wembley had destroyed her fifth attempt at the big scene in which Tom decided to release Maids, two large young men dropped in. One crawled around the living-room and measured everything he came to.

He would call, "B-sixty-four, twenty-seven inches, less three, one half."

And his collaborator would repeat

after him, noting the statistic. "B-sixty-four, twenty-seven, less three and a half. Right!"

They started just before three and finished at half past five. Mrs. Wembley locked herself in her bedroom and did her fingernails.

The next day was a Saturday. A man in overalls with a small pot of red paint and a brush took up the living-room and bedroom rugs and painted numbers and letters on the floor, for no explicable reason.

When he was ready to leave at noon, he told Mrs. Wembley that the paint would probably dry by tomorrow night, but it would be safer not to put the rugs down until Monday. He left the painter's planks balanced, one end on a sawhorse and the other on the end of Mrs. Wembley's desk.

Mrs. Wembley had counted on Sunday to make up for some of her lost time. Two men with lunch-boxes and beer arrived at half past nine and sat on the living-room floor, conversing in a general way and wondering, from time to time, what had become of Mr. Hoopnagle.

They lunched at noon, still sitting on the living-room floor, and continued to wait with unexampled patience.

At three, Mr. Hoopnagle appeared. "Good," he said, surveying the room. "That's fine. Well, you can knock off for the day now, boys."

On Monday morning, just when Mrs. Wembley was putting on her hat to call on the real-estate people, the original young man from the new owners came in, bringing with him a Mr. Googenfarshall, who represented the other parties to the deal.

They went through the house critically, pausing now and again to make disturbing observations.

"When we take this wall out—"

"The new windows go here and here—"

"We can leave the bedroom floors, all right, but this one will have to come up."

Caroline Cottesworth Wembley followed them round in silent fury for ten minutes, before she challenged Mr. Googenfarshall.

"Do I understand," she demanded, "that you are from the old owners?"

"That's correct."

She gesticulated wildly. "This sort of thing! This! And this! I tell you, I—"

"Oh," said Mr. Googenfarshall. "Well, that, of course, is entirely up to Mr. Brish here."

The other young man looked grave. He said, "We may have to disturb you a little when the work starts. These preliminaries are easy to do without bothering the tenant. When the plumbers and plasterers and painters and carpenters and masons—"

Mrs. Wembley yelled, "I won't have it, I tell you! I'll see my lawyer! I'll—"

"As a representative of the new owners," Mr. Brish said, "I can offer you a splendid lease. Five years at the same rent, with an escalator clause. The contractor may disappoint us on the date, but they'll be sure to finish by the first of the year. Then you'll have a fine modern apartment."

"I don't want a fine modern apartment!" She turned on the man from the old owners. "You will do nothing about this bedlam, this—this—"

"Nothing we can do, madam."

"Now, about a long-term lease," Mr. Brish said. "You would be foolish not to—"

"Lease!" Mrs. Wembley croaked. "Long . . . term . . . lease! Do you want to know what I'm going to do? I'm going to move out of this as fast as I can! Within a week! And you can sue me for thirty days' notice. Now get out of here!"

"Yes, madam," Mr. Brish said. "Has the man been in to turn off the water yet?"

"To turn off the—"

really looked aghast at this.

"Well, he'll be here to-day. You'll have water again by—what would you say, Googenfarshall? End of the week?"

"Not later than Monday or Tuesday of next week."

"We'll see about that!" Mrs. Wembley snarled. "I'll bolt the door! Not one of your workmen will get in here until I move out! Understand?"

"Temper," Mr. Brish said. "Temper!"

T. L. Judson's hands were tight fists at his sides. His mouth looked like a crack in an old shoe. His nasty little grey eyes were jumping furiously from side to side.

"Do you mean to tell me, Underhill," he barked, "that you had the— the unmitigated—the blaring gall—"

He choked on his own wrath.

Chris knew suddenly what the general manager of Hunnewell Radio reminded him of. An indignant Pekingese.

"I didn't know you'd feel this way about it," he said soothingly. "Teddy asked me—"

"Eh? Teddy? Did you say 'Teddy'? Miss Judson, Underhill! So you found this house for us. Then, when I was out of the office, without so much as a word to me, you telephoned my daughter to bring my wife to town! My daughter, Underhill! My wife! My family! Take that silly look off your silly face!"

Chris tried to stop thinking about the Pekes. He said, "I understood that you—"

"You understood nothing, Underhill! It was not your business to understand. It is not your business. I don't suppose it occurred to you that I might prefer the present arrangement, that keeping my family in the country might represent an enormous saving for me. That—"

He stopped at a sound from the door. Chris turned to it. Miss Cressly held it open.

Mrs. Judson walked in with Teddy just behind her. She was beaming. She said, "Well, Theo! Isn't this great news? . . . Good afternoon, Chris. I don't know how we'll ever thank you."

Mr. Judson's face faded from purple to red to pink, then to a yellowish-white. He gulped and mumbled, "Hello, darling. Well! So you've come to see the place."

"There was no train," his wife said, "so we came in the car. I hope you've thanked Chris."

"Chris?" T.L.J. repeated. "Chris?"

"Mr. Underhill seems so cold. Teddy calls him 'Chris,' so I thought he wouldn't mind—"

"Oh! Oh-ah!"

"You have thanked him, Theo?"

"Eh? Oh!"

"He was just telling me," Chris said.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. He's so absent-minded."

"Oh, it's nothing," Chris said. "Just happened to hear about the place and—"

Teddy had moved close to him. She laid a small hand distractingly on his forearm. He heard only part of what Mrs. Judson was saying— something about advancement.

T.L.J. said, "H-m-m-m! Hrruff! Well, my dear, the suspicion of favoritism—"

"Nonsense, Theo. We'll discuss it over the week-end. I'm sure you'll—"

Teddy's fingers tightened on Chris' forearm, and he gave her his undivided attention.

She said, "Speaking of the week-end, we want you to spend it with us. Can you? It's quite lovely just now, with the leaves turning."

Mrs. Judson took charge. She said, "Well, go and see the house now. Then you can go home and pack, and we'll pick you up in the car."

Out of the corner of his eye, Chris saw her poke her husband with an elbow. T.L.J. jumped. He said, "By all means, Underhill, I insist. Hrruff! Won't take no for an answer."

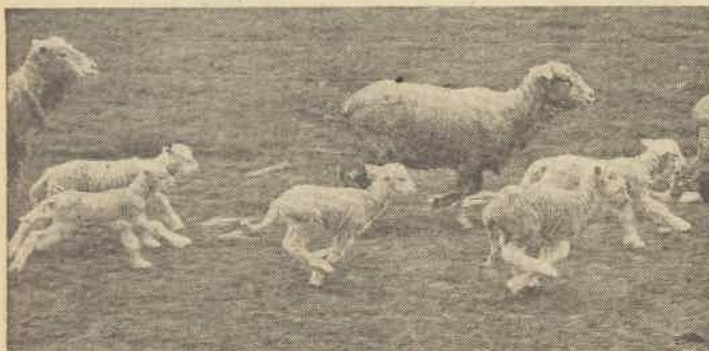
Teddy's fingers tightened even more. Chris said, "I'd be delighted. It must be lovely with the worms—I mean the leaves—turning."

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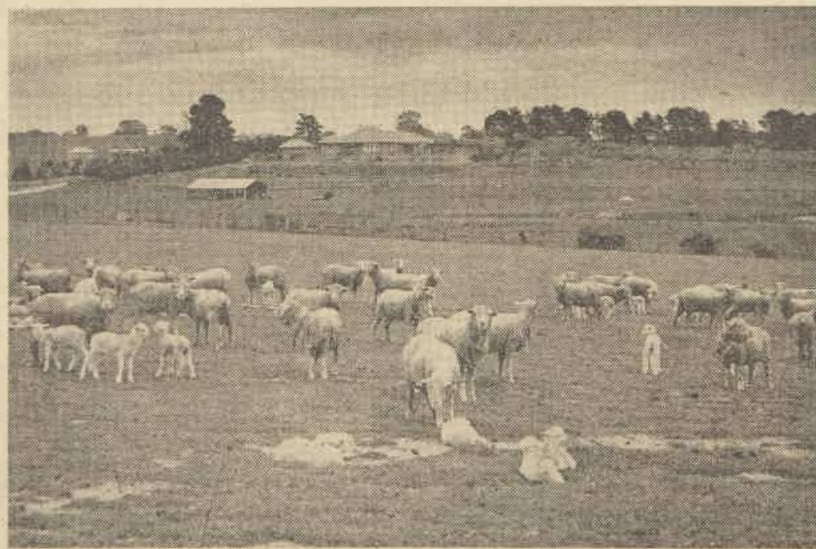
RIBBONS WON AT TWO SHOWS by Merryville make a setting for Walter Merriman (centre), owner of Merryville, his son Bruce (left), and nephew Sam Steeman. All these ribbons were won at Sydney and Coolamundra Sheep Shows this year.



LAMBS a few days old keep close to the heels of their recently shorn stud merino mothers as they race across a home paddock.



SUPERFINE FLEECE at one of the properties belonging to Merryville Pty. Ltd., almost hides Norman Gilbert.



CONTENTED ewes and their lambs graze in one of the home paddocks of Merryville. In the background is the 22-roomed homestead, solidly built of blue-grey quartz quarried on the property.



STUD MERINO EWES at Merryville, Yass, advance in a stately line across a well-grassed paddock to prevent loss of valuable stud lambs. One pound of superfine Merryville wool weighs 12 1/2 ounces.

## Good breeding makes Australia's Merino aristocrats live in ideal surroundings on historic stud property

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

Because Australia's wool trade with America is our greatest source of dollar credit the sheep industry is a key factor in the dollar crisis.

The sheep industry in turn depends on the stud breeders, who, ever since Macarthur's day, have worked to improve Australia's flocks.

**T**YPICAL of these breeders is 65-year-old Walter Merriman, who owns the famous Merryville merino stud, with its headquarters at Yass, New South Wales.

It is an enterprise which has passed from father to son, for it was founded by George Merriman, who settled on Ravensworth, Yass, in 1865.

George Merriman had been brought up by another sheepman, his uncle, Francis Garner, who was the original owner of part of Merryville.

After the death in 1915 of George Merriman, Ravensworth was divided between his three sons, Walter, George, and Ernest.

All carried on his work, but Walter on a larger scale than his brothers. George had achieved a great reputation as a judge of sheep before his death ten years ago in a car accident.

When I visited Walter Merriman at Merryville I realised at once the extent to which sheep are "in his blood."

As soon as he could toddle he began to take an interest in the stud. Riding home from school he would make a detour through the paddocks to study the ewes and their lambs.

"By the time I was nine years old I could tell you the mother of every lamb on Ravensworth stud," he told me.

A remarkable memory for sheep is essential for a stud breeder. It is called by sheepmen having a "sheep brain." Walter Merriman is noted for his "sheep brain" and he attributes it entirely to his being among sheep in those early years.

He started on his own on 400 acres (part of Ravensworth), with one special stud ram and 60 special stud ewes and about 200 flock ewes which he bought from his father.

After his father's death he inherited an additional 3400 acres, 500 stud ewes, and 1500 flock sheep.

He has built Merryville to a string of nine stations covering more than 43,000 acres of beautiful grazing country carrying more than 40,000 sheep and 10,000 lambs.

In the last financial year 1969 Merryville rams were sold for £23,151.

Merryville has won many Sheep Show awards for its champion merino ram and at the same show, three times, the only stud to do so in 40 years.

Everywhere it has won this year it has won the championship for merino ram.

When Merryville showed at a show they always brought prizes that they brought to the 23 sheep shows at the Sheep Show took home prizes.

Walter Merriman's ewes have always been bred to carry a heavy fleece of medium, high-yielding, smooth wool of superior quality with a strong enough crimp to stand drought conditions.

Therefore he has his rams with meticulous care.

It is typical of the man that he had set his mind on certain sheep, he was not to have it no matter how long it waited.

This happened with a special exhibition stud ram, F. S. Falkner and son, F. S. Falkner Estate.

When Walter first saw the price was 2500 guineas, more than he could afford in the day. So he waited, and when the price was a five-year-old bought for 1000 guineas.

### Different problems

ONCE a man decides to be a breeder he faces an entirely different set of problems from the man who raises flock ewes.

"To begin with, a stud breeder employs roughly four or five men as many men," said the farmer Merryville.

"The ewes have to be in the best care in the lambing season. They have to be watched over and kept in good condition, and usually shorn by blade with about three times as long as the machines.

"A good man will shear the stud rams a day instead of a flock, which is the average for a flock.

"The ewes, although shorn by machine, must be handled with care, and this means more time and must be compensated in higher wages."

Preparation of the top for shows, pedigreeing of the flock, supplementary feeding in winter as condition of stud rams must be kept up, arranging for buyers to inspect rams, mowing of paddocks, provision of summer paddocks for mating are all the additional work required for stud breeding.

Walter Merriman was one of the pioneers of pasture improvement in his district, and cannot say for its value, not only because he can carry three times as many sheep to the acre, but it prevents erosion.





In cold districts, such as this, ewes require much special care in lambing season and are mounted into "tops," would spin a distance of over 30 miles.

## Australia's golden fleece



CURIOSITY overcomes fear as two-day-old merino stud lamb on Merryville pauses near a hedge of salt-bush, which provides shelter from fierce wind as well as good eating for the ewes, who trim it neatly.

This year about 500 tons of superphosphate have gone on to the Merryville land. Its owner thinks improved pasture has played an important part in growing and maintaining his fine flock.

Comparing this improved country to unimproved land in the same district, one visitor declared it was the difference between an Axminster carpet and hessian.

Much of Walter's thought revolves around methods of helping his sheep and one improvement he has worked out himself is shearing his stud ewes before the lambing season.

He explains that the weight of the wool when a ewe in lamb falls prevents her from getting up again and often leads to her death.

Since he thought of shearing before lambing he has found this much less likely to happen.

It is not possible to carry out this plan at all the properties. For instance, at Westbourne, near Jugiong, the ewes lamb in August and are not shorn until September. But at Merryville they are shorn in August and lamb afterwards.

I was impressed to meet one of Merryville's aristocrats, Monument, a beautiful creature with fine stance, good neck folds, and plain body and breech characteristics of his breed.

Monument is Merryville bred, and so were his ancestors for five generations. He is a direct descendant of the great Sir Francis.

No one enjoys talking "shop" more than Walter Merriman.

As we looked at a beautiful flock of stud ewes with their white, woolly lambs, only two or three days old, cavorting about them, their owner explained to me the age-old custom of sheepmen in making a ewe become a foster mother.

As she is guided mainly by her sense of smell, the mother will not suckle a strange lamb unless the skin of her own dead lamb has been drawn over the new one.

This is done by skinning her own lamb exactly as a rabbit is skinned so that it is not slit down. Then it has to be fitted on like a glove.

After it has been on a few days the false skin is cut off and the mother never notices the difference.

"I remember a jackaroo we had some years ago was very impressed with what I told him about this keen sense of smell," said Walter.

"I had made it very clear to him that when he was carrying newly born lambs he must never allow them to touch. This would mean getting the smells mixed so that neither ewe would take back either of the lambs."

"One day I saw him coming up toward the shed with a lamb under each arm. He buried his nose in the fleece of first one lamb, then the other, sniffing deeply."

"When he got to me he said: 'Well, sir, I don't know how the ewes know their lambs by the smell. I smell them and I'm blessed if I can tell the difference.'"

Walter's younger son, 20-year-old Bruce, began to haunt the shearing-shed and sheep-pens, like his father before him, as soon as he could walk. Whatever was going on he had to see for himself.

One day he watched intently while a champion stud ram was having his beautiful, curling horns filed ready for him to be displayed at a show.

As the fine pieces of horn fell to the ground young Bruce gathered them up.

The expert working with the file said: "I suppose one day, Bruce, you'll be a great stud breeder yourself."

### Hard work

"NOT me," said Bruce. "Too much work in it."

But the child who said that has grown into a great six-footer who delights in the work of Merryville and thinks nothing of getting up at 12 o'clock night after night to go out into the home paddock and help the stud ewes with their lambing.

Bruce left school during the war, when he was not quite 16 years old, to help his father.

He longed to join one of the Services and at last his father gave way and he went into the Navy, where he completed his training just as the war ended.

Walter felt then that his son's place was with him, and in order to obtain his release he wrote to the



MONUMENT, one of Merryville's stud merino rams, looks aloofly into the camera. Result of five generations of careful Merryville breeding.



SHEARING of stud ewes requires special care and skill. Here some of the Merryville flock ascend the ramp into the big, strongly built brick shearing-shed. Photos by Ron Berg, staff photographer.

Prime Minister and through his direct intervention Bruce received his discharge and came back to Merryville.

Trying to catch one of his big, finely built rams five years ago, Walter slipped down the ramp at Merryville shearing-shed, knocked his head and dislocated his neck so that ever since speech has been difficult.

But it would take much more than that to stop him working.

He does much of the executive and organising side of his business from his bed, where his head is held in a support in the right position to allow him to speak easily.

The telephone at his bedside is in constant use. At six o'clock in the morning he will start to ring the managers of his properties.

He knows his men too well to expect them to be anywhere near a telephone much later than that.

They in turn know "the boss" won't be anywhere near a telephone at most times of the day, so his

lunch-hour is a succession of calls to give decisions.

The first home Walter built had eight rooms and was of blue-grey quartz which he and one other man quarried on the property.

Merryville homestead to-day is worthy of the famous name. Added to the original cottages and of the same quartz, it is a solid, long, low building with 22 rooms, approached up a long avenue of three rows of young shrubs and trees backed by pines.

Inside the house, everywhere you look, are superb trophies. Two beautiful gold cups come out of the huge strong-room only for special occasions.

Happy enough to show you the multitude of cups, clocks, vases his sound judgment and hard work have won for him at Australia's leading sheep shows, Walter seems happiest when he shows old souvenirs, such as the copper medallion won by his father in 1889 at Murrumburrah, N.S.W., for the "best pen of five merino ewes, two and four tooth."



# The Magnificent Mo

Continued from page 4

TOMMY groaned inwardly. He knew only too well what was coming. "A—a complaint, sir?" he queried, hollowly.

"A serious complaint, Carruthers. Now I have seen this incredible thing for myself..."

He pointed an outraged finger at Tommy's face.

"You must shave it off, Carruthers," he roared.

Here it was again, the same old struggle. "I'm afraid, sir, I—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say, my boy." The Staff Inspector grimaced in what he fondly imagined to be a sympathetic, understanding manner—and the responsible end of Tommy's moustache sagged abruptly to zero.

"I know this sort of thing was quite a fashion in the Air Force. But those days are gone, Carruthers."

"Yes, sir, I know, and I—"

"This company is pulling its full weight in the rehabilitation of its ex-servicemen," thundered JB, "and we expect those ex-servicemen to make an effort in return. That hideous moustache must come off, Carruthers."

Tommy shook his head. "I'm afraid that's impossible, sir."

JB stared at him. "Impossible!" Tommy looked miserable and said nothing, and JB cracked the whip.

"Well, I've done my best with you, lad," he snapped. "I seem quite unable to appeal to your better feelings. You are due for promotion and your work warrants it." He consulted a list of the bank's branches on his desk.

"Carruthers, report to me at 9 a.m. to-morrow for your letter of introduction. You are being appointed accountant at Milparinka."

Tommy gasped. "Milparinka!" JB smiled at him glassily. "Yes, nice town I believe. Bit far out, of course, but that moustache shouldn't scare any customers in Milparinka."

JB's basilisk grin widened. "There is another vacancy, however, if you prefer it—Marble Bar."

But Tommy was on his feet and lurching from the room stunned.

Before his shocked eyes swam a blurred vision of the beautiful little seaside cottage that had cost all his deferred pay and all Jean's savings, and quite a bit more besides, and was worth every penny of it.

He stumbled downstairs to his own desk, but between his eyes and the piles of cheques he had to sort were the names Milparinka, Marble Bar, Milparinka, Marble Bar, flashing redly one after the other like some horrible electric sign.

After a fruitless quarter of an hour he stood up and wandered distractedly down to the ground floor. As he left the building an attendant thrust a letter into his hand, but at the cafe across the street he sipped the strongest, blackest coffee they could produce and was far too worried about how to break this calamitous news to Jean to be concerned with any letters.

Jean was practically certain to refuse to go out west with him. Once she would have said all the right things to cheer him up, and then had her little cry—over losing their lovely cottage—in private. That was the way they had been, once upon a time; proud to be able to help one another. But now...

Tommy gulped six more cups of black coffee before he felt strong enough to go back to the office. He decided not to phone Jean. That could be fatal—she might easily be shocked into saying something over the phone that she did not really mean.

He stood up, then noticed the letter which he still clutched in his left hand; and at the sight of the envelope he plumped back trembling into his seat.

On the bottom left-hand corner of the envelope was a curious cabalistic sign, in the form of an unusual W—which none but the initiated would interpret as an heraldic moustache, rampant gardant.

That evening Tommy Carruthers mounted the back stairs of a small city cafe. Reaching the second floor he entered the private dining-room. He was just in time, as the twelve

other occupants of the room were about to take their places at the long table.

The most remarkable thing about the gathering was the amazing resemblance each person at the table bore to the other twelve.

Possibly this was because they were all young men of about the same age. Or because each had an air of grimness about him.

But most likely it was due to the enormous moustaches which each one of the thirteen cultivated. Shaggy moustaches, waxed moustaches, handle-bar, wairus, and long, slicken Mandarin moustaches. Surely the most impressive array of hirsute growths ever to be seen in one place at one time.

In front of each man lay a small brown-paper packet, and instead of the usual assortment of knives and forks was a solitary glass.

There was no smiling and very little chatter, so that when the young man at the end of the table rose to his feet there was no need for him to call for attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall ask the usual question. Are there any conscientious objectors among us?"

Tommy gritted his teeth and fought the desire to stand up.

"Excellent," beamed the young man. "I congratulate you all. You will now rise and, as usual, repeat the oath."

Grimly they rose, and spoke together—not enthusiastically and earnestly as at their first meeting after the war, but with deep, stubborn growls.

"We pledge ourselves, in memory of our Squadron-Leader Harry Sutherland, to carry on the practice which he instigated in our squadron. As a mark of esteem and respect to a great airman and a great friend, we will encourage the growth of our moustaches during the next twelve months."

The oath rumbled to a stop and the twelve sat down, each man lost in a world of his own.

But the man at the end of the table yelled at them and thumped the table with his fist.

"You beauties," he screamed. "You've stuck it out—all of you. And you'd go on sticking it out... But I've wonderful news for you. They've found the old stinker!"

The gathering was first stunned, then electrified.

"That's why I called this special meeting," he went on.

"Old Sutherland wasn't killed when he was shot down. He bailed out and they've just found him on some island or other. They've got him in hospital at Singapore right now. And, what's more, I've been in touch with him!"

There were excited exclamations of surprise from all sides. Once again the youth called for silence.

"Our old Squadron-Leader was very touched to learn of our little group—er—living memorial to him," he went on, "and he is only too pleased to be able to assure us that no memorial is now necessary, as he expects soon to be as fit as he ever was."

The gathering was again stunned as the full import of this announcement dawned on them. Each man seemed to be looking into his own life, watching a door gradually open to let light flood in where a moment before all had been darkness.

"Well, what's the matter with you all?" shouted the youth. "There's been no meal ordered to-night—I thought you wouldn't feel like eating—but there's as much sparkling ale as they can drink for those who want it, and... Oh, yes."

He grinned at them and held up his brown-paper packet.

"Each man will find in front of him a brand-new safety razor, and there is hot water and shaving soap right here in the corner..."

Tommy did not join in the stampede. He felt weak, but wonderful. The great thing was that he had not told Jean anything about his appointment to Milparinka.

SPRINGING. In his feet Tommy fought his way into the midst of the excitedly lathering group and went to work.

In ten minutes he was on a beam, and in another ten was knocking on the door of J. B. Brownson's sumptuous residence. JB himself came to the door. Tommy grinned.

"I've done it, Mr. Brownson, shaved it right off," he said eagerly. "Things are different now. No risk of frightening anyone now."

JB stared at him angrily and Tommy's heart sank.

"But surely I don't still have to go to M-Milparinka," he stammered.

JB stepped forward and looked closer at him. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "It's Carruthers! I didn't recognise you, lad. By Jove, marvellous difference, eh? Carruthers I'm proud of you—you sank your pride for the bank's sake."

Tommy gulped. "Then—about Milparinka?"

JB slapped him on the back.

"No, no," he said. "Selby's about to retire. You can have his job. But, come to think of it, I'm afraid you look a trifle young now. Responsible position and all that, you know. Perhaps if you were to grow just a small moustache, it might..."

But Tommy's face had gone as white as a sheet and JB quickly added, "Ah, well, perhaps not. Well, good-night, Carruthers. See you in the morning, my boy."

And Tommy, with his head in the clouds and a spring in his step that had been missing for many days, set off home. So many things had happened since he left for work that morning that he felt a little dizzy.

But one thing was absolutely clear in his mind. As soon as he reached home he was going to kiss Jean, properly—and this time, he was quite sure, there would be no complaints.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



JUDITH ANN was such a lovely baby with her laughing eyes, cute smile and cheeks pink as a rose-bud. And Judith Ann was getting ready to be a radiantly lovely girl by caring for her skin regularly with gentle Pears Soap. That's the best start for any dream girl. Pears is so pure, so mild—just right for a baby's soft, tender skin.



AT TEN, Judith Ann was the leading "lady" of Boronia Avenue. She liked to play at "dressing-up"... She liked her favourite Pears Soap, too! She knew even then that teen age beauty begins with the regular use of pure, mild Pears.



GROWING LOVELIER every day, Judith Ann at nineteen was loved for her gay, natural friendliness... for her clear complexion, fair as the morning skies. If you asked this young lovely her beauty secret, she'd say: "Pears Soap and clear water, of course—I've used them ever since I was a baby."

**Pears**

See your way to loveliness through mild, transparent Pears!



Pears is the original transparent soap—it's so pure you can look right into the heart of each amber tablet.



IN HER WEDDING GOWN Judith Ann is like a dream come true. If you want a fresh, younger-looking complexion, don't be careless about your soap. Change now to regular skin care with pure, mild Pears.

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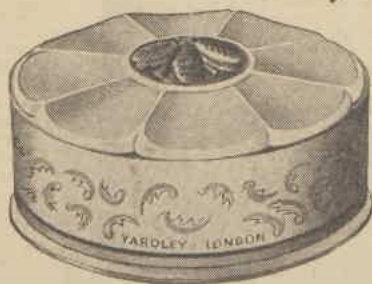
Each Yardley beauty preparation is as perfect as skilled knowledge can make it, each enhances the effectiveness of the other. With their help, and a simple regime, you will find that whereas beauty is a gift, loveliness can be acquired.

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**YARDLEY**  
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**PREPARATIONS**

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THE basic suit with a bellhop jacket provides for a number of changes and is a good foundation unit in any wardrobe.

# Dress Sense...

by Betty Keep



SHORTS and a long halter-top for the beach girl.

A GIRL who works for her living has written asking for advice on how to cope with changing fashions, a problem which is more acute this season than it has been since the war.

Her letter deals with a difficulty that worries thousands of other girls.

Here it is:

## Glamor first

"I AM an average girl with an average job who is finding it difficult to cope with changing fashions. I do not want to be left out when it comes to glamor, yet I feel as a working girl my clothes should be practical first."

I am quite sure minimum practicality and maximum glamor are what the average career girl (it may be subconscious) dreams into her wardrobe. The glamor part right now is uppermost because the war years forced all women to wear restricted styles. Winter, summer, the same line, the uniform suit, the little black dress.

The new fashions are like dreams come true, luscious enough to tempt any girl from the practical. There's lots of new fashion coming from all over the world: some of it's good fashion and some of it's bad—and lots of it is just right for the girl with a job.

It's hard work to be a well-dressed career girl, time is one factor and the high cost of clothing the body is another. Furthermore, the working girl's wardrobe has special needs to combat heat and dust in the summer and cold and rain in the winter—five days a week.

The wardrobe must include clothes that look correct at a morning

appointment or on the job, and glamorous across the dinner table.

I maintain the success of a career wardrobe lies in its versatility.

Learn to add or subtract.

You might, for instance, catch the new look with a basic suit styled with either a bellhop jacket or one cut on long lines. It could be cocoa color (all the rage in Paris) made in any tropical weave. It could be played up with stark white, or a print figured in black and white on a cocoa ground. It could be interplayed with a hip-length



A BRIDESMAID'S hat trimmed to match the frock.

tunic of striped seersucker, or a cool low-necked blouse in print. It could be worn with a white cotton handkerchief made with your own hands for a matter of shillings.

Or you might consider a basic dress, it's equally good to build with.

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Even if your budget will not cover a new outfit, don't give in.

A hat is the most important item to create glamor. It can infuse a party spirit into a simple and perhaps not new dress or suit. Consider the new look of a large hat, wide from side to side, and the brim turned a little back from the face. Think, too, of the pretty look of a sailor small and flowerladen, a cloche with chiffon streamers—or perhaps a printed scarf draped around the head. All are new and flattering; it's just a matter for you to decide which suits your type of personality.

## Bridesmaid's hat

"I AM 18, and will be a bridesmaid at my sister's wedding. Though we have decided on my dress (it is plaid taffeta printed in pink and blue), we cannot agree on the hat. Would it be correct to wear a fairly large hat?"

Certainly wear a large hat, it would look charming. A large bonnet shape would be best, because it is definitely a young shape—but it can be really large—the larger the better this season. What you need is

something unusual in a trim to give the hat a gala look. If you have any of the plaid dress fabric it would look perfect used as streamers worn under the chin and falling gracefully down one side.

## Seaside week-end

"DURING the summer season I spend most of my week-ends at the seaside. Try as I would last year, I never seemed able to assemble the correct clothes for a comfortable week-end. Could you help with this problem?"

The answer to a successful week-end, from a fashion point, is planned versatility. The first essential is a jacket—breezes of the sea are apt to be cool. The jacket can go happily over a beach outfit or over anything you plan to wear at night. If you are a trouser girl, short shorts can be worn with a white cotton sleeveless handkerchief or a long halter bodice top. Both are easy packers and space savers. A mid-calf length dress with bare shoulders could double for beach or informal evening wear. Set out in a tailored one-piece, worn over matching brassiere and shorts. With smart accessories it looks travel right.

## "What a record for Velvet Soap THIS SILK SHIRT IS STILL IN USE AFTER 16 YEARS' SOLID WEAR!"



Meet Mrs. Sands, of Lauderdale Ave., Manly, N.S.W., as she tells Aunt Jenny her wonderful real life Velvet story.\*

\* Original letter in our office.



says Aunt Jenny



"NO WONDER MY HUSBAND'S PROUD OF THIS SHIRT," says Mrs. Sands.

"It's every day of 16 years old—and apart from the cuffs, which I turned a few years ago, it's as good as new. Of course I've got Velvet to thank for that. Velvet's so gentle with my clothes—they last for years."



"FOR INSTANCE—TAKE THIS APRON," adds charming Mrs. Sands.

"I've been wearing it for no less than 10 years—yet good old Velvet has kept the stripes bright as ever."



"AND JUST LOOK AT THESE CURTAINS," laughs Mrs. Sands. "You'd never think they were 12 years old. That's because I've always washed them in Velvet." Yes, ladies, those auds are so gentle that even delicate lace like this lasts years longer when washed in Velvet.



TUNE IN EVERY MORNING MON. TO THURS. "AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES"



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

Page 24



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn-out because they've been hard rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave!

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt is left behind!

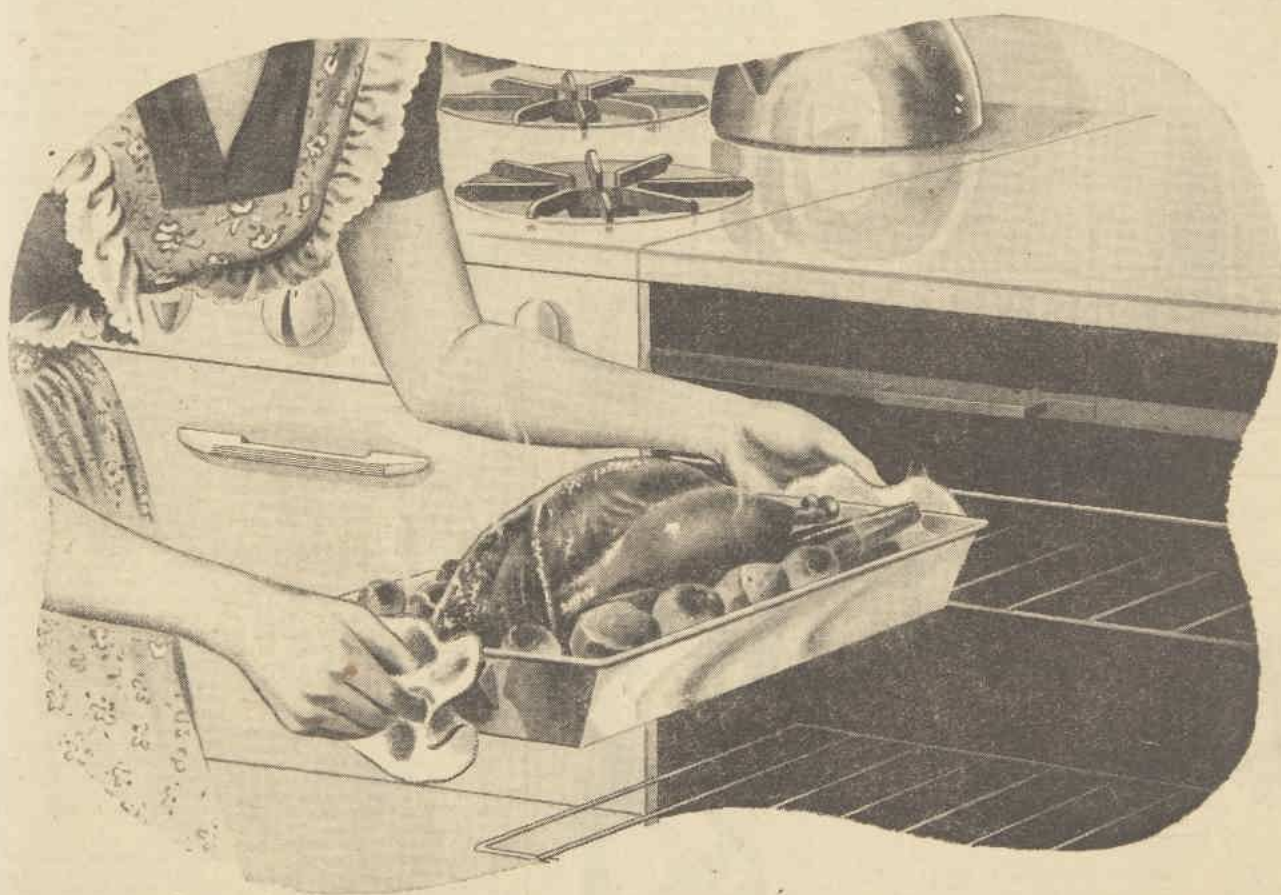
V.11631

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 25, 1947



# GAS *for Cooking Perfection-*

## FASTER & COSTS LESS



It's a fact - Gas is faster! Gas heat is right there - the very instant you want it! And because it is more easily controlled Gas costs less - it gives maximum heat with least waste. For oven Cooking, a Thermostat will automatically control the heat - saving time, guesswork and oven peeping. Yes, it's Gas for Cooking Perfection. Gas is modern - is faster - and costs less!

THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA



GAS for the 4 BIG JOBS ★ Automatic COOKING ★ Silent REFRIGERATION ★ Instant HOT WATER ★ Healthful HEATING



# And Then He Went Away

Continued from page 7

Now it seemed to Margrit that what she suspected must be so. Stranger things than that had happened during the war and still were happening.

Who was it, then, inhabiting so stealthily that small house against the mountainside? There had been a number of robberies in their neighborhood.

She found herself listening now, tensely, though she didn't know for what she listened. For a creaking of the back step, for the sound of steel against a window jamb? When she heard those sounds, it would be too late. She would be immobilised by terror; she wouldn't be able to run away as she could now.

Suddenly she knew that she couldn't stay alone in the house another minute. She was afraid, she was cold with stark terror.

Standing closer to the window but still not in it, looking forward, she could see the light from Dr. Ruegg's study. She knew now what she would do. She would throw on her coat and put Peter on the leash and run out of the house and up the steps at the front of the cliff to the doctor's house, to tell him of the mystery in his garden.

The waiter in the small cafe ran his damp cloth meaningfully along the end of the table, flicking off a few crumbs of Sachertorte, as Bill Anthony sat with his hand cradling an empty coffee cup.

Now you've done it, he told himself bitterly. Looked her up there in her ice tower forever. You didn't have the courage to say to her: "Listen, honey, mothers in apartments fifteen stories up don't bake their own apple pies and put them on the window-sill, and their sons don't divide their time between night clubs and juke joints."

You couldn't say that to her because of the little catch in her voice over the wire, because suddenly you

remembered how she took hold of the sleeve of your coat yesterday when she was frightened, and because you knew how her grey eyes became almost black when she's hurt, or even recalling some wound. You've done her no good and you've cut yourself off from her—a nice, neat job.

He became aware of the waiter's little gestures with the cloth and reached into his pocket for the francs to pay him. But his thoughts were uninterrupted: She's all alone up there to-night, and you know there's something queer going on at that chalet. You know that shot yesterday wasn't fired by boys playing in the woods.

And so what? Will you go up and say, "Here's Sir Galahad, maiden, come to protect you"? She hung up on you just now. She'd slam the door in your face.

Bill put the money on the table and walked out of the restaurant. The street was nearly empty, and a cold wind blew down it. He thought of the dark conjecture in Margrit's eyes after they had left the Hollander.

What if—what if the incongruities that had aroused his suspicions of her Mac came only from little details she herself had unconsciously woven into the story? After all, there had been many months in which to confuse the memory of a man's actual sentences.

He jammed his cap down on his head and muttered, "I'll be believing in him myself again!" He took out a coin, balanced it on the palm of his hand, then returned to the restaurant to make another telephone call.

When he emerged from the restaurant the second time a cab was just stopping at the corner.

A girl got out, and her walk reminded him of Margrit because of something quick and gallant about it. Probably the rest of his life he'd be seeing girls walk like Margrit—moving with little, light running steps in and out of his empty heart. Well, the best thing was to let it lie; leave things as he had found them. But just the same, to-night—

He put out his hand, suddenly, to halt the cab, thinking: I don't have to go to the door. She needn't know I'm there. I can just reconnoitre a little.

Why had he been fooling himself? He had known ever since he learned she was alone that he would go up to the chalet.

The door of Anton Ruegg's house opened into a small vestibule with a linoleum floor laid in black and white squares. On the left a door opened into the study, and the doctor had partly closed this door behind him when he answered Margrit's ring.

"Fraulein Kröller!" he exclaimed. "I was alone in the house," she said, "and I was frightened." Why was he behaving so oddly, leaving her standing here? Why had he appeared agitated and not merely surprised when he found her at his door?

"I saw, I saw—now, Peter!" The Doberman was pulling at the leash, pointing towards the study door eagerly.

"Just a minute and I will turn on the light in the parlor," the doctor said hastily.

"No, bring her in here."

The door of the study opened wide

and Margrit saw her mother standing there, hatless and coatless, with a little glass of sherry in her hand.

Margrit did not gasp. "Mother!" The shock of finding her mother in the doctor's house was so great that she couldn't say anything at all, or even think very clearly in those first few seconds. She found herself moving jerkily into the study behind Peter, as though it was he who had had her on the leash.

"Did something frighten you, dear?" her mother demanded anxiously. "I shouldn't have left you alone, but I knew that I could watch the house if I came here."

"I thought I—"

But now the light in the gardener's cottage had no importance to her. She was beginning to be sick with the implication of her mother's presence in Dr. Ruegg's house and her deception about going to the theatre. She wanted no further conversation with them, about mysterious lights or anything else. She wanted to get out of this house and return to the chalet.

"I thought I heard something. It was probably only a branch crackling," she said.

Her mother picked up her hat from the sofa.

"We'll go down to the house and see. Dr. Ruegg will go with us, I'm sure." She blew into the feathers on her hat, where they were dampened by the snow. "I have never been alone in this house before," she said steadily, almost casually. "I came here to-night on an impulse, surprising myself as much as I did Dr. Ruegg." And she gave him a serene smile.

He was standing now by the open shelves crowded with medical books and he looked straighter and taller than he had ever seemed before, as though some great pride had lifted him beyond his own stature.

"I came to say good-bye because he's leaving us." The Swiss-German was very light, very sweet on Eleanor Kröller's tongue. She smiled at Margrit now.

"I only wanted to tell him, dear, how much it has meant to us just to live next door to him and meet and talk about our view sometimes. But most of all how nice it's been just to see him coming and going, wearing the same old clothes because he gives two days a week to a free clinic in Basel and most of the money he makes for the care of refugee children."

"Gertrud talks too much," the doctor flushed a little.

Eleanor Kröller put on her hat, fitting it over the high coronet of her hair. "I just wanted to say that a heart given away acquires so much more value than one kept in a safety deposit vault. Now let's go down, dear. I really don't think anyone's prowling around. Peter would have barked."

"I think I was just nervous," Margrit said.

The doctor got his coat and they went out of the house and down the walk in single file because of the snow. The doctor, leading the way, looked suddenly boyish without a hat and with a yellow muffler tied carelessly around his throat.

At the end of the walk, just before the steps descended steeply to the lower level on which the chalet had been built, Peter decided to make a stop. The others went on, unaware that Margrit had fallen behind. She watched them descend steadily, their footfalls deadened by the soft snow.

She held Peter's leash slackly in her hand. Now that the snow had ceased the sky was clearing and there was even a luminescence where the moon struggled against the clouds.

Below her, lights were scattering down the slope like a handful of golden coins. She turned around again and saw that there was no light now at the rear of the doctor's house. She could barely discern the squat outlines of the garden house, with the mountain rising starkly behind it.

Just under the cliff, below the little structure, a small light leaped with the sudden absurdity of a firefly in the snow. Someone had struck a match, to light a cigarette or tell the time.

Margrit stood rigidly, her eyes trying to penetrate the darkness. Now she could discern the outlines

# THE BLAST ...

## Challenging new modern serial

OUR new serial, to begin next week, is "The Blast," by Stuart Cloete. This story is a powerful piece of imaginative fiction in which the author pictures civilisation wiped out by atomic blasts and a lone survivor facing a weird struggle for existence among the ruins.

Stuart Cloete is already widely known to readers as the author of "The Turning Wheels," a novel of the Great Trek in South Africa. His new story is graphically written and essentially thought-provoking.

You may hang on every word—or you may not quite like it—but you will certainly find it one of the most impressive and challenging stories you have ever read.

Don't miss the opening instalment next week.

of a tall figure, standing in profile, looking towards the chalet. He was bending over, cupping the light in his hand probably. Tall bushes along the descending stairs would hide her mother and Dr. Ruegg from him, even if he should turn that way, just as he must be hidden from them.

Now the light spun upward, described a parabola and fell into the snow. In that characteristic flip of a match and the movement of his head, Margrit knew Bill Anthony.

Peter tugged at the leash, ready to go on, but she didn't move. The direction of the wind was wrong for the Doberman; he hadn't scented the trespasser. He was shaking the snow from his aim, sleek haunches.

Her mother and the doctor were almost at the bottom of the stairs now, still walking without conversation, moving slowly and carefully to avoid slipping on the ice under the film of snow. Only she and the soldier were motionless, keeping a strange vigil together.

What was he doing here? For what did he wait? As she asked herself this, Bill Anthony became suddenly again an utter stranger. What did she actually know of him other than what he himself had told her? Why had her stepfather, whose judgment of people was a shrewd banker's judgment, trusted him and with such violence? Did her stepfather sense something about him that she had not?

She remembered now how Bill had appeared, startling her down there in the yard right after their discovery of the robbery. Could that have been something other than a coincidence? Could he be a sentinel for someone even now within the chalet? She had noticed that his uniform fitted him badly. Could it have been stolen?

He had tried to tell her that Mac wasn't an American... that could be clever covering up of the fact that he wasn't.

Nonsense, he's there watching the house because he thinks I'm alone.

But instantly the black and grey shapes came tumbling down from the shadows of the mountain like a troop of fairy-tale troglodytes.

Please turn to page 24

## FASHION FLASHES BY

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## A black and white fashion illustration of a woman in a 1930s-style dress. The dress features a wide, flat collar with a decorative edge, a high waist, and a full skirt. A small inset at the bottom right shows a detail of the bodice, which has a small bow at the waist. The number 'F4886' is printed in the upper right corner of the illustration.

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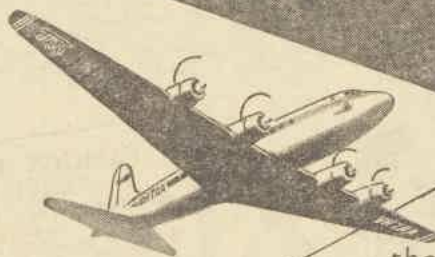
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# VOICES

seemed to be whispering: "Don't be a romantic fool," they mocked. "Remember Mademoiselle Duprez, and how she used you. Remember all the secret and almy things that you were sent on in a neutral country and all go on. And do you really believe the story your mother told when you found her with the doctor?" they leered. "Or that he doesn't know what goes on in his parson house?"

There was no solid ground, no feeling anywhere for your lost and desperate feet.

In what could you believe? The leath leaped in her fingers so that she nearly lost it, and Peter's poised body quivered with a low growl. He must, at last, have sensed the stranger. Scents? No, a wasn't sent that had stirred the Debernans. It was his keen perception of sound, of a tremor, perhaps, along the ground that preceded what came now—a thundering crash as a boulder went over the cliff and down into the yard below.

Now Peter, danced frantically on his heels, jerking Margrit around so that she didn't see the boulder as it struck. But even as she heard the thud of it she was aware of another sound. A low, ominous rumble, a sharp crack—

Only then Margrit managed to pull Peter around just as the edge of the cliff gave away and the snow went falling, sliding, roaring, tumbling, until there was nothing but a great waterfall of snow, falling upon the spot where Bill had stood a moment ago.

She heard her mother cry out and the doctor shout and Peter's barking was at her ears, but she stood rooted in timelessness, unable to move, unable to raise a sound in her throat. For she could see what the two on the level below could not see—the heavy-set figure running back from the cliff towards the garden house.

The figure was that of a man, bent almost double as the alide he had deliberately set in motion by his pushing of the boulder did not stop as he had expected. Before Margrit's eyes, he was covered by blanket after blanket of snow.

It could not, actually, have been more than two seconds before Margrit Krollier felt the horror snap, and suddenly she knew what power she held in her hand. Literally in her hand. The leath that controlled the strength of Peter, who had been trained to uncover a man in a snow-

drift—under six feet of snow in thirty-eight seconds.

She jerked the leath and began to run.

In what could you believe? You could believe with all your heart and with all your soul in a man who had not even asked you for that belief. You could believe in his steady brown eyes and his face with the high cheekbones and straight, proud nose. You could believe in his dear, sensitive mouth and tragic little scar, in his hurt and in his need behind that hurt.

She was nearly down the steps now. She found a break in the bushes and plunged through, stumbling over the terrace, over the spread branches of hemlock, but going almost as fast as Peter was bounding along.

You could believe, knowing very

Continued from page 26

another look at Bill. Margrit sat on the arm of her mother's chair, holding one of her cold hands.

"I think your stepfather was a little mad," her mother said, tonelessly, and with her other hand she pulled her woolen jacket more closely around her sagging shoulders.

"He tried so hard to tell me about it before he died," she went on. "He said he knew that Bill was a secret agent for the Allied commission sent to uncover hidden enemy assets. He said he must have won your help by telling you that. It was hard to understand him, his voice was growing so weak."

"He said that yesterday he hid in Dr. Ruegg's garden house and watched the chalet and Bill got into the library as he had expected. He said he thought that probably his shot hadn't frightened him and he would come again tonight. Then he—"

"Father must have arranged with Gertrud to get the key to the garden house. She would do anything for him," Margrit interrupted.

"She took food in there yesterday. Doctor, when you were in Basel, I happened to see her."

"She knew, too, what Conrad Krollier's explanation to Gertrud must have been. She recalled the housekeeper's words that she had overheard in the yarn shop: 'their husbands . . . keeping watch on them.'"

Margrit was ashamed for her stepfather. She was ashamed for herself now, too, thinking of the black moment on the hill when she had doubted her mother, lost as she was then in that dreadful fog of doubts.

"But what was Herr Krollier afraid of?" Dr. Ruegg puzzled. "What was he hiding and where?" "I think Bill suddenly guessed about that," Margrit said. "I'd forgotten. When we were carrying him in and he became conscious he mumbled, 'In the library safe.' He said something else, too, but I didn't catch it."

"But we saw everything in the safe the other night, dear," her mother reminded her.

"Sergeant Anthony was trying to say a name, an American name," the doctor said. "Ah—Herr Poe. And then he said something about a letter."

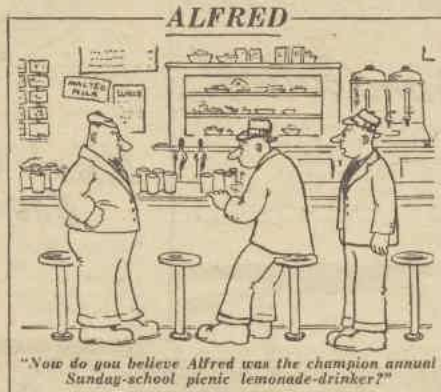
"The Purloined Letter!" Margrit could feel herself shiver with excitement. "Mother—you know Edgar Allan Poe's story, 'The Purloined Letter.' The trick of hiding a secret paper in such an obvious place that no one notices it there." She said to her feet. "Please open the safe now."

"All right, dear." Her mother rose and walked over and moved the painted screen in front of the safe. Her fingers manipulated the dial delicately. There was a series of clicks, and then the door swung open.

Margrit reached inside, then she carried over to the desk the first document her hand had found. It proved to be her dead stepfather's certificate from the Alpenverein. It was folded with the printing outside, although she noticed, as she moved the rubber band, that it had not been originally folded that way.

The paper cracked as she spread it open on the desk, then a very thin sheet that had been folded inside fluttered out and came to rest beneath the green-shaded lamp. It was covered with strange writing.

"This is what Bill guessed," Margrit looked at the two of them with pride. She wondered if he had figured it out just before the slide,



well who it was caught by the snow at the top of the cliff and that if the choice you made in this act of shining faith was wrong, you were going to have to regret it all your life.

Only you weren't going to be wrong this time.

She was half-sobbing now as she ran: "Bill! Bill, darling, we're coming. Bill, my love, my love!"

Margrit was in the library with her mother and Dr. Ruegg. "The police officials had come to investigate the accident had left, with the exception of their doctor who had gone upstairs again for

NO ROMANCE FOR ME . . . UNTIL

## My Blotchy SKIN RASH Disappeared



My first big date with Bill was flop, because of this rash on my face. Nothing I tried did the slightest good.

Then I happened to meet Aunty. She said Rexona Ointment had done wonders in clearing up my cousin's rash. So I decided to try Rexona.

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# And Then He Went Away

# NOW

Margrit met his eyes steadily, letting him see all that was in her own. "Bill, I saw my stepfather up there and knew he would be caught, too. But I brought Peter to you."

She heard the quick intake of his breath, the slow way it went out. He reached a hand towards her and said, "Come here, Maggie."

She went swiftly over and knelt on the stool at the side of the bed. He put his fingers in her hair, bringing her face down to his, with his rough tenderness. "Do you still want to go to America?"

"Yes, Bill. I know it isn't perfect, but I think it wants to try."

"I'll tell you another thing about it. You can be born in a slum, but you can pull yourself up out of it. A kid from the slums can grow to be a banker."

Then his lips were against her lips and his arm was holding her close against his chest. The old Swiss clock down in the hall struck ten. "You've missed the train to Lucerne, darling," Margrit whispered contentedly.

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# THE BLUNTS: A day in the garden

SUCH a day Saturday, getting the house spruced up for the Sunday invasion. Yet, there I stood like the Lao-oon, trapped within the coils of the vacuum cleaner . . . so much to do . . . where to start?

How charming the little casement windows looked with their curtains of new lime leaves . . . how exquisite those pale chartreuse leaves were against the blue of the ceiling. The pallid tendrils, instead of curling contentedly like piggy-wigs' tails were like antennae blindly groping towards the lampshade . . . I wondered idly how they knew there was a lampshade to make for.

The forgotten cigarette burning my fingers catapulted me out of my trance . . . Good heavens! Vines in the parlor? It was simply not done. At the rate the thing was growing soon there wouldn't be a chair left to sit on.

I had a preview of my sunny little cottage in the thrall of rapacious creepers, huddled in a cave of luscious gloom . . . lost forever. And as though this catastrophe were imminent, with great concern I sped outside to find that the bougainvillea had commandeered an entire walk, and was in the process of strangling the broom tree.

In complete bewilderment I saw that the yellow jessamine, the morning glory, and a dozen other nameless creepers had darned all the orange trees together, and were

## Weekly Feature Written and illustrated by JILL BLUNT

reaching out towards the Christmas bush . . . how did it all happen, just while my back was turned?

Straight away I abandoned the sweeping, the bed-making, the dish-washing, and I regret to say the shopping, and had to run in to Alice six times on Sunday to borrow food.

First of all I needed secateurs; then boys to gather the rubbish. I began looking for both. I could hear boys in the throes of combat somewhere, but as usual boys couldn't hear me.

I screamed warnings and threats into the unanswering jungle, and all was silent; then cunningly I called "Lemonade!" which is just as magic as a abracadabra, only more so, because in a twinkling two dirty ragged urchins appeared in a puff of dust.

First of all we looked for the secateurs, without success, everybody saying that everybody else had had them last. Then we looked for the hedge clippers that were obviously in hiding with the secateurs . . . then we looked for that long-legged thing that you cut things off tall trees with, and finally we went to the sewing basket full of screw-drivers and playing cards, and no sewing, and to our utter amazement found the scissors.

Maybe they are good scissors when it came to cutting cloth, but they just bit viciously at the plants. The urge to prune, even though it is too late, is a gripping thing . . . in a mood of spring madness, I even contemplated using the axe . . . it was then I remembered the secret weapon.

The secret weapon is a hideous

knife . . . a gift from Uncle Edward, to chop the heads off big fish, he said . . . but as we've never had sufficient large fish to justify the possession of such a formidable object, it lay forgotten on the lethal shelf where we keep the rat poison and Uncle Mafeking's army sword.

The location of the lethal shelf is a close domestic secret . . . To get it to you have to climb on a chair, then on again to the butter-box stool because it doesn't wobble—from there you have to cling with your toes to shelf X, and your teeth and claws to shelf Y, and if you have a spare hand, seek blindly among the dead moths and live spiders for your quarry.

And all this must be done without any assistance while nobody is looking, otherwise it wouldn't be secret. Well, I found it. Triumphant! I crept round the house observing, with the relish most professional gardeners undoubtedly feel, all the things that should be pruned for their own good.

There was the crape myrtle, the budleia, the unfruitful mess of Japanese fuchsia

With a sadistic look in my eye, I unsheathed the fierce blade, when a voice behind me said . . . "Where look wot she's got! Wot a snidger!" . . . and another awed one said . . . "Gee-ee-ee, where'd she get it . . . can we have a lend?"

"If ever you touch this knife . . . either of you," I said, turning dramatically upon my two dear little boys . . . "Til—"

"Okay, okay . . . there's no need to tell us, we know . . . what ya goin' to do with it?"

"Prune!" I said tersely . . . "How can yer? That's not a prune tree!"

"Ho!" said Penny. "There's no sick things, a prune's a dead grape . . . be careful, sweetie pie, don't cut yourself or you'll get tetnis, you know."

That was the end . . . neither child would be satisfied until it had



that revolting knife to wear on its belt, to show Hunter Smif, who always had beaut knives, and often borrowed a scimitar that adorned the chimney piece at home . . . couldn't they just have a little lend?

With admirable restraint I returned the knife to its sheath . . . it was blunt as a dog's hind leg, anyway . . . big fishes' heads, bah! . . . I doubted if it could decapitate a sardine . . . nevertheless, it wasn't a toy.

Chauncey Jerome struck one tersely . . . the short Saturday morning had been frittered away, and not a thing pruned.

Oh, well, might as well plant something, far better to be creative

than destructive; it wasn't too late to separate the daisies, or the summer lilacs; they'd make a nice border.

Impatiently I prepared lunch, with Jobiska and Tober Mory at my heels, and Taffy and Penny still clamoring for just one more peck at the snidger knife, then out we went with trowels, and hoses, and gloves to plant things . . . but first of all we had to till the soil.

Penny perversely, with immense care, transplanted three rather hoary old thistles that in case we got a canary some day.

Taffy thought it would be a far better idea to clean out the fishpond, instead planting sassy daisies . . . then Penny thought it would be better to play with their motor boats, just a couple of feet before the pond was emptied, and Taffy thought as too, if only their mummy mother'd let a guy have a lend—a knife, that beaut knife to cut up the bits of candle that made the boats go.

Stolidly, silently, and alone, far into the sunset I pulled up weeds, gathered scattered twigs as I planted the daisies. Cramped, earthy, squatting with my chin on my knees, edging down the path sideways like a crab, until I reached the verandah steps.

I rose, dazed, but full of a sense of achievement, and turned to count the fresh, eager little plants . . . there were three.

Three! My brain screamed denial. I must have planted twenty—I must have!

Then suddenly I knew . . . it always happens but never so quickly . . . I looked violent, penetrating daggers at that gross, over-fed, malicious, calculating, ill-natured rabbit, lazily washing his face in readiness for the eighteenth course.

"Beast!" I shrieked, and darting quickly at him, slapped his cosy rump. He positively leered at me with a garnet eye . . . then with utter unconcern went on with his meal.

I think I must have screamed then—and everything went black.



. . . that gross, over-fed, malicious, calculating, ill-natured rabbit.

## IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

Neighbors are important people. In times of sickness or distress they are often first to assist and give comfort.

Yet many people by magnifying some small disagreement or slight, or even by imagining one, cut themselves off from the good-will of those who live next to them.

BY doing this they lose what should be a pleasant association for themselves and their families.

This week I received a letter from a girl which shows how an old disagreement between neighbors is placing her in what she feels to be a false position, and denying her the companionship of someone her own age.

"It is years since my parents have spoken to the people next door. Neither I nor their daughter knows what the original disagreement was about. The row was nothing to do with us, and as we are about the same age we would normally be friends. Do you think loyalty to our families should be allowed to prevent this?"

Your parents and the people next door have chosen to be neighbors the hard way. Living on good terms with those around you, and I don't mean necessarily "popping in" terms, can make life so much more simple.

I suggest that you both explain to your parents how you feel, and ask them if they cannot forget the grudge they once had. Without knowing the cause of the trouble it is difficult to say whether they are justified or not in their attitude.

Certainly it seems a pity that you cannot have the friendship of your young neighbor, because of family loyalty.

"DO you advise a boy too young to marry to ask the girl he is in love with to wait?"

If she returns his feelings she will wait, anyway. If you still feel the same later, you can become engaged. In the meanwhile, there are many ways in which you can show your devotion.

"HOW should an invitation be sent to an engaged couple?"

It is incorrect to invite an engaged pair as a couple. Separate invitations should be sent.

"I LIVE with my brother on his farm. I am 20, have some money, but have never been away for longer than a day. Now I have fallen in love with a woman 13 years my senior, who wants me to marry her as soon as I am 21. Do you agree with my brother that I should meet some more girls and women before I think of marriage?"

I do—most decidedly.

"FOR a long time my husband and I have not agreed, though we both have tried hard. Do you think, for our baby's sake, I should remain with him?"

Stay with him and try to make something worthwhile of your life

together if you possibly can. The baby is your joint responsibility. Talk the matter over seriously, and see if you can't make a go of things—for all your sakes. It is never too late to make a fresh beginning.

"SHOULD the mother of the bride be wearing gloves when she receives her guests at the reception? When there is only one bridesmaid, should she assist in handing round the cake?"

As the receiving of guests is a formal matter, the bride's mother usually wears gloves, removing them when the receiving line breaks up. It is usual for the best man and bridesmaid to hand round the cake after the bride has cut it.

"WHEN my eldest son becomes 21 next month we are having a party. Should there be any special seating arrangement, how should I word the invitations, and would a three-decker cake be suitable?"

Seats should be arranged for your son and any honored friends and relations. Invitations, unless the party is a very big one, are usually written, and state the time, place, and reason for the party. You could have a three-decker cake, although something simpler would be more appropriate for a boy.

"PLEASE advise a girl who has met and fallen in love with a man engaged to someone else. He says if he weren't engaged he would propose to me."

This man was once sufficiently fond of his fiancée to ask her to become his wife. Some engagements are mistakes, but as the last comer on the scene it is up to you to give

## When writing for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

this engagement a chance by keeping out of the young man's way. If things don't work out and he cannot forget you, it will then be up to him to explain what has happened, and to ask to be released from the engagement.

"WHEN a girl writes to a man she knows well, does it look better to address the envelope Mr. John Smith, or John Smith, Esq.?"

The form John Smith, Esquire, is considered by many to be somewhat over-precise and old-fashioned. But according to the strictest rules of etiquette it is still correct. Few people who observe the niceties of letter-writing ever put Mr. John Smith in personal correspondence.

"MY brother has asked me to be his best man and suggests that we wear navy suits, grey ties and gloves. Does this sound correct?"

The navy suit and grey tie are correct, but men do not as a rule wear gloves except with formal morning dress, or—in some cases—tails. They should not be worn with business or dinner suits.





YOUTHFUL ADMIRATION is personified when a small girl gazes wide-eyed at Hollywood dog film stars Lassie and Asta II. The dogs appeared at the premiere of "The Red Stallion" at the Curtham Circle Theatre with many other animals who have won film fame.

## "Bit" player now stars in own film unit

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Turned down by many film studios, whose executives said she was "unphotogenic," lovely English actress Edana Romney refused to be discouraged.

To-day she is not only a star, but is an executive head of the new company, Apollo Films, and is playwright and co-producer of its first film, "Corridor of Mirrors."

THE film, in which Eric Portman co-stars with Edana, will open soon in London, and bring to a climax a heartening story of enterprise and faith in an ambition.

Edana got this inspiration on the set of "Alibi," in which she had a "bit" part.

Its script had been written by Viennese Rudolph Cartier. In their shop talk and theorising between shots Edana and "Rudi" discovered a heart-warming identity of taste, ambition, and enthusiasm.

Before long they found themselves dreaming of running their own film production company.

This led them, naturally enough, to say, "Well, why not?"

The first move was to adapt Chris. Massey's book "Corridor of Mirrors."

I first met Edana at the London home of a kindly businessman, Alfred Gottlieb.

He served with the Australian Light Horse in the first World War and lost a leg in action.

He had been attracted by Edana's gallantry in deciding to set out and tackle film-making herself, and he had matched her spirit by backing her venture. Apart from that, he liked the story of "Corridor of Mirrors."

Edana is tall and dark with liquid black eyes, a creamy skin, and she is possessed with a sort of imperious enthusiasm. She had come with Rudi Cartier to tell their host of their progress with the film script.

Finally the screen play was ready, but British studio space was not only hard to get, since it is practically monopolised for all film-making purposes by big combines like the Rank Organisation, but it is also very expensive to hire.

The next lucky chance came with an offer of space for filming in a Paris studio. Again Edana said

"Why not? We can take our unit to France and produce there."

Another big difficulty was to find an actor to play the male lead, since most were busily occupied under contract to the big companies. But Edana showed the script to Eric Portman. He read it and said in that emphatic way of his, "Why, the part was made for me!" That settled that.

Eric Portman decided to travel to France with them.

### Reverse role

ONE of the most appropriate aspects of their struggle is that when casting the film Edana says she found it heartbreaking to refuse some ambitious young actors and actresses who weren't entirely suitable for the parts available.

She found herself in the reverse role of that dreadful ogre—the casting director.

When casting was completed, she had collected a score of talented unknowns, including the Gottliebs' daughter, who had volunteered for a job in the wardrobe department.

The unit was truly international. A clever young French cameraman was chosen, Rudi Cartier was producer, and the art director was a Russian. Edana, the star, was South African born. The technicians were English and French, with a couple of Italians. Celebrated French couturiere Maggy Rouff "dressed" the film.

They decided to make it an English and French talking version.

Edana put herself through a grueling and detailed film test to dis-

prove earlier judgments that she was unphotogenic.

During its progress, diplomats and film celebrities to whom the story of Edana's enterprise was acquiring the character of a legend, looked in to wish them "good luck."

"Corridor of Mirrors" is now ready for screening.

The huge Rank Organisation was sufficiently impressed to adopt it for world distribution.

Already it is self-made star has planned her next vehicle.

Eric Portman will again star with her in "Rachel," based on the life of the famous French actress to whom Edana herself bears quite a resemblance.

She read the script to me on one of those Sunday evenings when we gathered at the home of Alfred Gottlieb.

"I hope to make 'Rachel' in technicolor," Edana told me. "We had planned to do this for 'Corridor of Mirrors,' but, unfortunately, it wasn't possible.

"Both the roles offered are searching tests of my ability, and I hope I can justify them."

But the light in her eye told me that she has faith in herself, too.

Her story, which carries in itself

# Film Reviews

## ★★ SONG OF THE THIN MAN

SIXTH of the "Thin Man" series starring William Powell and Myrna Loy, the latest MGM release is one of the best.

Story cleverly combines amusement with thrills and director Edward Buzzell has deftly managed the well-written script.

Once again the household of Nick Charles and his wife Nora is disturbed by a request for Nick to help solve a murder. This time the victim is a band-leader on a gambling ship. The chase brings other killings, an attempt on the life of Nora, and a plot to kidnap Nick Charles, jun.

Powell is in top form and Myrna Loy is delightful as the ever-curious but philosophic Nora.

Keenan Wynn in a new type of role as an eccentric clarinet player, Dean Stockwell as Nick, jun., Gloria Grahame as a night-club singer, and Patricia Morison as the band-leader's wife fit neatly into the entertainment.

Needless to say, Asta is there in an

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

important role. (In real life he is Asta II, son of the first terrier.)

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles will be warmly welcomed back by their Australian fans—St. James; showing.

## ★★ THE HOME STRETCH

RACING enthusiasts should find this technicolor drama a good entertainment bet.

Apart from starring Cornell Wilde and the beautiful Maureen O'Hara, the film is a travelogue of eleven of the most famous racecourses in the world, from Ascot in England to Kentucky in America.

First-class photography shows horses in action at all the courses, even including a photo-finish event.

Cornel Wilde steps out of his recent run of period films into the role of a playboy who snatches Maureen O'Hara from her fiancé and marries her in between gambling on horses.

The Boston-bred bride takes a poor view of her husband's carefree attitude towards money and his interest in a former love (played well by Helen Walker). They separate, but are reunited after their rival horses run in the Kentucky Derby.

Wilde is convincing and Maureen O'Hara, a photogenic dream in glamor frocks, acts with unusual fervor—Regent; showing.

## ★ THE CORPSE CAME COD

COLUMBIA's slick thriller, starring Joan Blondell and George Brent, stresses comedy interwoven with murders.

As journalists of the type seen only in American films, Joan Blondell and Brent also are amateur detectives. Their keenness to solve the murder of a dress-designer and a film publicity man, followed by the theft of valuable jewels, sends them off on all sorts of wild chases (in their employers' time, of course). Friendly rivalry turns to romance when the crimes are solved.

Blonde and beautiful Adele Jergens provides the glamor of the piece as a film star involved in the murders—Capitol; showing.

## ★ BOB, SON OF BATTLE

IF it were not for English actor

Edmund Gwenn, filmgoers would regard this modern technicolor version of Alfred Ollivant's classic story of a man and his sheepdog as a poor follower of the splendid English version made about nine years ago starring Will Fyfe, under the title of "Owd Bob."

Fox have seen fit to alter the story to emphasise Gwenn's role of the tipsy, belligerent old Scottish shepherd whose only love in his life is that of his dog. In the English version the dog was given equal prominence.

Star billing in the current film is given to young Len McCallister in the role of Gwenn's son. He and Peggy Ann Garner make a charming youthful romantic team, but Edmund Gwenn deserves most of the credit—Mayfair; showing.

## ★ SCHOOL FOR SECRETS

AS a means of emphasizing England's discovery of radar during the war, "Two Cities" film gave young writer-director Peter Ustinov the job of handling a story on radar, starring Sir Ralph Richardson. He is only partly successful.

Naturally, the wartime setting limits postwar interest in a story which has such a scientific background and technical dialogue. Ralph Richardson, who appears so rarely in films, will be appreciated for his work as a somewhat eccentric but amusing scientist. Lovely Pamela Mathews gets her first big film chance and makes the most of it—Embassy; showing.



EDANA ROMNEY, star, co-producer, and co-script writer of her first film, "The Corridor of Mirrors," which will be released by the J. Arthur Rank Organisation. She is preparing for the leading role in a film of the life of the famous French actress Rachel.

all the ingredients of a box-office success, also has a leavening of tragedy.

For Alfred Gottlieb, who in his adventurous and varied financial career had always had an ambition to back a film, did not see the picture.

On the day his young protegee and her film unit left for France, his car skidded on an icy road and he was killed. His widow and two daughters, who followed Edana's struggle with such interest and sympathy, will be guests at the film opening, which is a monument to him, as well as a triumph for a gallant actress.

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Page 32

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 25, 1947

Remove grey streaks in your hair with a stroke of the pencil — Hillcastle Hair Pencil — seven colors — long lasting.





CLAUDE RAINS, star of many films, is one of the busiest actors in Hollywood. With promising actress Audrey Totter he discusses a scene in their next Warners film produced by Michael Curtiz.



HAZEL COURT (right), red-haired young star of the Gainsborough (British) production "Holiday Camp," and starlet Rosemary Trenton model two summer frocks in gingham, suitable for teen-agers.



PAUL HENREID, Continental actor who has found success in Hollywood films, enjoys his leisure hours at home playing with his elder daughter Monica. He and his wife Lisl have one other daughter, Mimi.



RAYMOND BURR, who usually appears as the villain, has a typical part in RKO's drama "Desperate." He is seen on location with starlet Audrey Long, one of the victims of his "villainy."



IT'S THRILLING THE WAY  
**LUX TOILET SOAP** FACIALS  
 LEAVE SKIN SOFTER, SMOOTHER.  
 I ALWAYS DEPEND ON THIS  
 GENTLE DAILY CARE.

says *Lizbeth Scott*  
 Paramount star in  
 "DESERT FURY"



**HOLLYWOOD** calls her "The Threat," but tawny-haired Lizbeth Scott isn't worried so long as Lux Toilet Soap facials safeguard her beauty. Try Hollywood's favourite skin care yourself! Pat in the rich active-lather, rinse with warm water, then cold. Tests prove 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a short time with this simple care.

The Bath and Complexion Care  
 of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

LT.212.26



*Evan Williams Shampoos*

These famous shampoos will be available when existing restrictions permit.

A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE

R. S. JERNLEY & SON, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIAN AGENTS

*Youthifies... Beautifies!*

ADORABLY  
 LOVELY  
 UNDER  
 POWDER

CLEANSES...  
 TONES...  
 NOURISHES...



**Charmosan**  
 CREME AND COLD CREAM



**1 SEEKING WORK,** Catherine Brown (Mary Hatcher) arrives in Hollywood. She finds that an ambitious blonde (Olga San Juan) has taken her film name of Amber La Vonne and her hotel room. Amber also hopes to win screen fame.



**2 AWKWARD TASK** arises for studio official O'Connell (Frank Ferguson) when he tries to locate Variety Club's girl protegee and sends talent scout Bob Kirby (De Forest Kelley) to look for her.

## MANY STARS IN MUSICAL

"VARIETY GIRL" is the film story of the first founding adopted and educated under the Variety Club's International Showmen's scheme. Her identity is known only to two members.

Unaware of her connection with the Variety Club, she goes to Hollywood in search of a career.

A friend masquerades in her place and confuses the only Hollywood official who knows who the girl is.

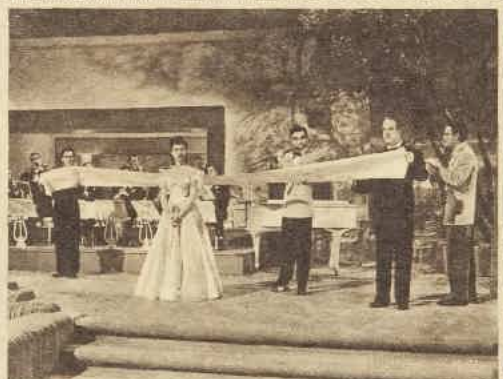
Thirty-six of Paramount's stars, including Crosby, Hope, Cooper, Dorothy Lamour, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Caulfield, Ray Milland, Alan Ladd, Lizbeth Scott, Paulette Goddard, and Billy De Wolfe appear in the story of the Variety girl's attempt to win fame.



**3 JOINING FORCES,** Catherine and Amber visit Brown Derby cafe to try to interest studio executives.



**4 BIG ADVENTURE** comes to Catherine when she meets Bing Crosby and asks him to arrange voice test for her.



**5 HUMILIATING SCENE** occurs when Catherine's first singing test is ruined by Spike Jones' crazy orchestra at request of O'Connell, who thinks she is only persistent amateur friend of Amber's.



**6 STILL HOPEFUL,** Catherine goes round studio and meets many celebrities, including Cecil B. DeMille. O'Connell still regards her as intruder.



**7 MISTAKEN IDENTITY** of Catherine is discovered by Bob, but he agrees to let girls arrange stunt for Catherine to sing into hidden microphone when Amber has solo at Variety Club Convention.



**8 PLOT IS DISCOVERED** at Convention and real Variety Girl introduced to crowd while leading stars join in finale in honor of Catherine, who has found job.



## Two and three piece play clothes

★ Musts for your summer wardrobe are play and swim suits and delicious casual cotton frocks suitable for days at the beach or seaside week-ends. These sketches show how to achieve a frock by adding skirts to your suits.



● Brown-and-white check gingham makes the attractive sunsuit or bathing costume, worn above with a matching drawstring skirt. A tiny matching bolero to top the lot makes a charming informal outfit for the whole week-end.

● Sea-green and white striped cotton is used for the play dress on the left. The midriff top is made with a low, square neckline. Plain tailored matching shorts are worn beneath the charming dirndl skirt buttoning down the back.

● A pretty bare-top dress is the effect achieved at the left by wearing a matching dirndl skirt over a sunsuit of candy-pink cotton spotted in white. The sunsuit is made with a shirred top and bloomer shorts. The skirt is very full.



NO COUPONS  
NEEDED!



## TO-DAY'S Fish SPECIAL FOR FOUR!

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

### KRAFT FISH LOAF

4 oz. tin Kraft Fish Paste,  
1 cup breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk,  
2 beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon  
chopped onion, 4 oz. Kraft  
Cheddar Cheese, shredded,  
pepper and salt.

Mix fish with breadcrumbs,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, beaten up eggs,  
onion and seasonings. Pour  
into buttered dish (two ordinary  
oval pie tins will do), and bake  
in a moderate oven, 350° to  
400° F., until firm. Serve hot  
with cheese sauce made from  
the shredded cheese and  
remaining milk ( $\frac{1}{2}$  cup). Serves 4.

### 5 Grand Varieties!

1. Anchovy
2. Bonchovy
3. Scallop
4. Bloater
5. Lobster

4 oz.  
tin  
only

**10<sup>d</sup>**

(SLIGHTLY DEARER IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS)

## KRAFT Fish Pastes

ALSO IN ONE OZ. TINS. KF 710

## Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

## Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

## Staisweet

## ASTHMA CURBED QUICKLY

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your  
system, ruin your health, and weaken  
your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription  
of an American physician, starts re-  
lieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds  
new vigour so that you can sleep soundly  
all night, eat anything, and enjoy life.  
Mendaco is so successful that it is guar-  
anteed to give you free, easy breathing  
in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or  
money back on return of empty package.  
Get Mendaco from your chemist. The  
guarantee protects you.

**Mendaco**

For Asthma . . . Now 6/- & 12/-

## Skin Sores?

The very first application of Nixoderm  
begins to clear away skin sores. Use  
Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see  
your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear.  
Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills  
germs and parasites on the skin that cause  
Skin Sores, Pimples, Bolls, Red Blisters,  
Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get  
rid of your skin troubles until you remove  
the germs that hide in the tiny pores of  
your skin. So get Nixoderm from your  
chemist to-day under positive guarantee  
that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear  
your skin soft and smooth, or money back  
on return of empty package.

**Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-**  
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch



• A CORNER in  
the living-room of  
an American  
home. Sturdy  
table and two  
leather-upholstered  
chairs with short  
armrests are  
modern Swedish  
design. Striped  
upholstery of  
third chair  
matches curtains.

## GARDEN BRIEFS

By OUR HOME GARDENER

OCTOBER is a busy month in the garden.  
Even after spring planting and sowing  
are over there are plants to be sup-  
ported, weeds destroyed, dead blooms  
to be removed, and plant pests to be controlled.

• Mulching the ground to conserve moisture and keep  
plants growing should be started as early as possible.  
A hot, dry summer is predicted, which means all trees,  
shrubs, perennials, and annual plants will require every  
possible drop of moisture and plant-food.

• Fill the flower-beds as soon as possible after the  
ground has been saturated by rain, and cultivate the  
ground lightly with the hoe to conserve the stored-up  
nourishment and life-giving moisture. Any gaps that  
occur after the spring cinerarias and dimorphotheas  
have finished should be filled with zinnias, asters,  
lupins, salvias, geums, heucheras, or phlox.

• Lawn grass is apt to become thin and patchy during  
hot weather unless it is made to grow vigorously by an  
occasional application of fertiliser. Weeds soon take  
possession of scanty lawns.

• Wistaria vines can be made to bloom more freely by  
shortening the side shoots during summer. They  
should be cut back and left about 6 in. long, and given  
a final pruning in winter, leaving two or three buds.  
This practice helps the development of spurs which bear  
blossom buds. The leading shoots at the ends of the  
main branches should not be pruned in summer unless  
the wistaria has filled the space allotted to it.

• It pays to look over the roses when the first burst  
of bloom is over. Shoots that have flowered should  
be cut back, and dead and weakly ones cut out. Suckers  
or shoots from the briar stock should also be removed.  
Spray the roses with an insecticide if pests are about.



TALISMAN, a rich coppery-red fading to pink or  
gold, is one of our most generous roses. Remove all  
spent blooms from roses early and assure a good  
second crop.

or with a fungicide such as lime sulphur if mildew is  
prevalent.

• Seed-boxes should be got ready this month in pre-  
paration for sowing early winter cauliflowers, broccoli,  
cabbage, and kohlrabi. Mid to late November is the  
time to sow the seed, and later sowing can be made  
about Christmas time.

## Helping the eyes with their job

By MEDICO

"WHILE you're here, doc-  
tor, I wish you'd have a  
look at Tom," said Mrs. M.  
"He has his exams soon, and  
he says his eyes get so tired  
he can't read. Would you test  
his eyesight and find out  
what's wrong?"

"Where does Tom do his study?"  
I asked.

"In his bedroom at a study table.  
Would you like to see him at work?"

We went along the passage to  
Tom's room, and one glance at the  
lighting fixture over the study table  
told the whole story of Tom's eye  
trouble. With a cord to the wall,  
Tom had pulled the shaded ceiling  
light to a position over his table.

"I don't think I'll need to ex-  
amine Tom's eyes to find the cause.  
The fault is here in this room."

"Isn't the light strong enough?"  
asked Mrs. M.

I looked at the electric lamp; it  
was 100 watts, frosted.

"This light, placed two feet above  
the book he is reading, will give 300  
units of illumination on the page.  
That is twice as much light as he  
needs, but the trouble here is two-  
fold. First, the light shines directly  
in his eyes and is reflected from the

shiny page he is reading. Secondly,  
the light is too concentrated on his  
book, and there is too great a con-  
trast between the light on his work  
and the darkness of the room."

"How does the glare affect his  
eyes?" she asked.

"When the light shines directly  
into his eyes the pupils of the eyes  
contract and make reading diffi-  
cult. The proper place for a light  
is near his left shoulder. That  
position also avoids reflection from  
the shiny page."

"How would the darkness in the  
rest of the room cause trouble?"

"Every time he lifts his eyes from  
the book he looks into a room which  
is dark by comparison. His pupils  
dilate to adjust to this darkness,  
then too much light strikes the in-  
side of the eye when he again looks  
at his book."

"What is the best type of lighting  
fixture to use for a study?" asked  
Mrs. M.

"One which has an opal glass re-  
flector which will spread part of the  
light over the ceiling, giving a soft  
general illumination over the room

Over this reflector place a large  
shade which prevents glare reaching  
his eyes."

"Will this lamp bulb be strong  
enough to light his book and the  
room, too?" she asked.

"A sixty-watt bulb two feet from  
his work will give over 100 foot  
candles or units of light. The rest  
of the room will need to have an-  
other 40 to 60 watts to provide  
enough general illumination."

"One final point, Mrs. M.," I said.  
"The eyes were never designed to  
concentrate on reading for more  
than an hour at a time. I suggest  
that Tom takes his eyes from the  
book for five minutes every hour."

"Let him do something else with  
his eyes for those five minutes—  
walk into the sitting-room and talk  
to you, put away his clothes, or look  
at distant lights from the verandah.  
He needs to do something which  
will take the strain from the little  
muscles which have been holding the  
lens of the eye in position for close  
work . . ."

Mrs. M. telephoned me the fol-  
lowing week to say that Tom had  
lost the tiredness from his eyes and  
was finding his work much easier  
with the new light in the right place.  
He thought the five minutes' eye  
rest every hour was a grand idea.

(All names in this article are fictitious).



"The Angel Night"  
BY  
**KAYSER**  
MADE FROM  
**Celanese**  
FABRIC

## TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need  
this treatment:  
A Cuticura Soap bath  
and Cuticura Oint-  
ment application. Try  
it and enjoy real foot  
comfort. Cuticura  
Ointment, Soap and  
Talcum Powder—the  
famous  
trio.

## Cuticura OINTMENT

## RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS AND ACIDS

Your kidneys are a marvelous  
structure. Within them are 9 million  
tubes which act as filters for the blood.  
When poisons and acids attack them you  
suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Leg Pains,  
Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neu-  
rises, Crises under Eyes, Brains, Arteries,  
etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much  
good. Cystex rid Kidneys of poisons and  
acids in 2 hours, therefore a speedy and  
so kidney discomforts in 24 hours you'll  
feel better, stronger than for years. Cystex  
is guaranteed to satisfy or money back.  
Get Cystex from your chemist or drug  
store to-day. This Guarantee  
protects you. See  
in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

**Cystex**  
Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder,  
Rheumatism.





## SEA INSPIRATION FOR PERFUMES...

Betty Nesbit, now in London, has written to tell me about Douglas Collins, clever young Englishman, who is making a name for himself in the perfume world as a creator of fine fragrances.

IN the little harbor of Burnham-on-Crouch, on the Essex coast, a ten-ton yawl rides at anchor. It looks much like any other yawl, except to the owner, Douglas R. Collins, for whom it carries two of his three passions in life—sailing, the production of perfumes, and his charming young family.

Douglas Collins—"Goya" in the cosmetic world—thirty-four is one of England's leading perfumers, and on board his yawl Helen, which he bought ten years ago for £50, he has fitted up a tiny laboratory, where he tests out his newest perfumes.

He has a couple of other laboratories, one at his Bond Street office and the other at his factory at Lymington, but at week-ends he likes to go sailing, and since he never knows when he is going to "get a scent on the brain" he likes to have facilities for working out a formula right on the spot before the fragrance floats away.

During the war he was a lieutenant-commander in the R.N.V.R. His cabin in the ships in which he served were always full of bottles and mixing tubes and smell heavily of the combined perfumes of musk, jasmine, and attar of roses, to the ribald amusement of hearty fellow-officers.

But his work in off-duty hours meant that he came out of the service ready to continue his career as a perfumer with lots of new ideas.

One of them was "Heather," one of the most popular perfumes on the English market to-day.

His ship was once stationed at Scapa Flow, and the sailors climbing up from the water were thick with purple heather. Collins decided to create a perfume which conveyed the dewy freshness of heather, not of the flower (which has no perfume).

He did, and Englishwomen like it. There are enormous sales of it in the handbag phial size which he has popularised.

"Once," he said, "there was the tendency to buy one big bottle of an expensive perfume, but now women are sensibly realising that it is just as economical to have three or four small bottles of a good perfume, and to use them discreetly."

A perfume should be chosen for the occasion. A sophisticated one for a dinner date and a theatre or dancing, and a fresh, simple perfume for the afternoon.

It is worth while experimenting until the right perfume is found for your particular type, and then, when you think you've got the right fragrance, test it for quality.

This can best be done by sprinkling a few drops on a small piece of clean blotting paper or on a handkerchief and leaving it in your drawer for a week. If at the end of a week the fragrance is still true



DOUGLAS COLLINS and screen star Valerie Hobson, for whom he created "Great Expectations" perfume.

then you can assume the perfume is a good and lasting one."

Douglas Collins is particularly fond of experimenting with flower perfumes, which he considers most suitable to Englishwomen.

He is now experimenting with several highly perfumed wildflowers, which he discovered when in South Africa last year.

And having heard about the unique tang of the Australian brown boronia he has asked some friends in Western Australia to send him some samples this spring. The flowers will be flown to England packed in ice.

Users of flower fragrances will know that there is at least one "Boronia" perfume already on the Australian market, but it will be interesting to see whether Douglas Collins will try to capture the bouquet of this Australian flower, or instead create a perfume typifying it.

One of his latest perfumes is "Great Expectations," which was created for film actress Valerie Hobson for her role in the film of that name now showing in Australia.



STUDDER accessories are becoming more and more popular. Above are shown the newest ideas in shoe buckles and bow sets to slip over court shoes. These are being manufactured by Wells' Leather Goods, 250a George Street, Sydney, for the Australian market. The matching belt and shoe set shown left is smart for town or country; the gay suede studded bows (above) are designed to dress up plain shoes for evening dates.

## MORTEIN

with **D.D.T.** and **PYRETHRUM** far exceeds Government Standards for household insecticides!

**NO OTHER SPRAY** will kill flies, mosquitoes and all other insect pests with greater speed & certainty!

When you're on a good thing—**STICK TO IT!**



### 12-Pattern Layette For Baby

SELECTED by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, the layette includes nightgowns, dresses, carrying-coat, matinee jacket, undershirt, pilchers, bonnet, booties, bib, mittens.

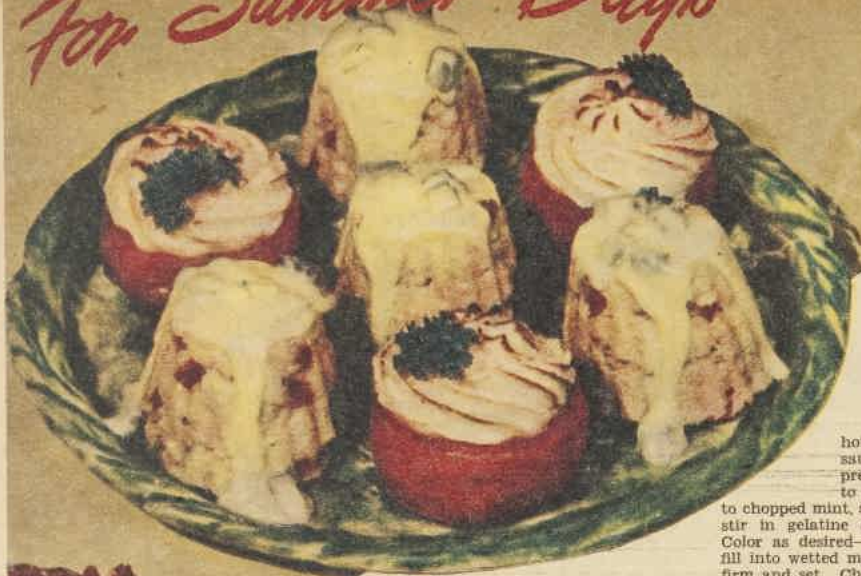
Patterns are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge St., Sydney, N.S.W., for 3/6, post free.

N.B.—The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau at the above address provides a free pre-natal service daily from 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Mondays to Fridays. As well as advice regarding the pre-natal essentials—current diet, exercise, care of the breasts, etc.—demonstrations including baby's layette, cot-making, and bathing baby are given.





# For Summer Days



By Our  
Food and Cookery  
Experts

**H**ERE are some dishes which are particularly suitable for the hot weather.

Appetites often require coaxing in the summer, and crisp salads combined with meat, fish, eggs, or cheese are tempting.

But when salad is to be the main dish, include a hot savory in the menu.

Served before or after the salad, it gives the meal a more satisfying quality and steps up the nutritive content.

## SUMMER-TIME SALAD PLATTER

(See color photograph.)  
Luncheon sausage, tomato wedges, lettuce leaves,

• This menu—planned for warmer days—includes a platter (above) of hot fish timbales with tartare sauce. Serve them before or after the salad. They're good in either place!

shredded lettuce, cheese blocks, sliced radish, radish roses, diced celery, celery curls, mayonnaise.

Roll luncheon sausage and arrange on bed of lettuce leaves on salad platter. If liked, a filling of mashed potato and grated carrot moistened with mayonnaise may be used to fill each roll. Make a bed of shredded lettuce in centre of platter. File sliced radish and diced celery on top. Garnish platter with radish roses, celery curls, cheese blocks, and tomato wedges. Serve mayonnaise separately.

## SAVORY JELLY

(To serve with salads.)

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup stock or water, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 clove, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, thin piece lemon rind, 1 slice of onion, sprig of parsley, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped mint.

Place all ingredients except gelatine,

hot water, and mint into a saucepan (enamel-lined for preference). Bring slowly to boiling point. Pour on to chopped mint, stand 15 minutes. Strain, stir in gelatine dissolved in hot water. Color as desired—green, yellow, or red—fill into wetted moulds. Allow to become firm and set. Chop finely and use either to garnish salads or to serve with sliced cold meat and salad.

## CHEESE STRAWS

One level tablespoon margarine or butter, 1-3rd cup grated soft cheese, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Soften margarine or butter, gradually beat in grated cheese, continue beating until mixture is soft and well creamed. Mix in breadcrumbs, sifted flour, salt, and cayenne. Add milk,

making a very dry dough. Turn on to floured board, roll very thinly. Using 2 round cutters, one smaller than the other, cut rings and place on greased oven-tray. Cut strips from balance of mixture about 3 1/2 in. by 1 in. Place on same oven-tray as rings. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Allow to cool on tin.

## TOMATO-POTATO PUFFS

Four or 5 medium-sized firm tomatoes, 1 1/2 cups mashed potatoes, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon milk, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 stiffly beaten egg-white (may be omitted).

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a thick slice from the top of each. Scoop out half the pulp. Beat butter, milk, cayenne, onion, and cheese into warm mashed potato. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white (if used). Pipe or spoon into tomato-cases. Place on well-greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until tomatoes are soft and potato lightly browned.

Continued on page 39





The WORLD FAMOUS  
name of

# Swift

for satisfying  
and savoury meals



Swift products are ALWAYS good



... but  
**Zam-Buk**  
brings quick  
relief.

When your feet ache so badly that you slip off your shoes at every opportunity, it's a sure sign that you need the help of Zam-Buk Ointment.

The refined medicinal oils go right into the aching, burning tissues, bringing immediate relief and comfort. Chafed and blistered places are quickly soothed and cleanly healed with Zam-Buk—and, remember, nightly treatment brings permanent relief.

## Zam-Buk

**SKIN DISEASES**  
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The Australian Women's Weekly—October 25, 1947



**MARSHMAL-LOW BISCUITS:** Make your favorite sweet biscuit recipe, cut into shapes, top each with a little jam (as shown right) before covering with marshmallow mixture, made by boiling 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, and 1 teaspoon gelatine together for 3 minutes. Allow to cool, flavor, and beat till thick.



## Prize breakfast dish

A VARIATION of scrambled eggs wins first prize for a Queensland reader in this week's recipe contest.

Another recipe gives directions for making a plain biscuit flavored with spice and vinegar, which is palatable just as it is made, but which can also be sandwiched together with peanut butter or marmalade. Send in your favorite recipe. It may win a prize.

### SAVORY EGGS

One onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 large tomato, pinch sugar, 1 bacon rasher, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, pinch mixed herbs, 6 tablespoons milk.

Fry sliced onion in hot fat till soft but not brown. Add sliced tomato, sugar, and finely diced bacon rasher. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Beat eggs, add sauce, salt, pepper, herbs, and milk. Pour over contents of pan and stir gently over low heat till set. Serve on hot buttered toast.

First Prize of £1 to Mr. R. E. Vietheer, 15 Warwick St., Toowoomba, Qld.

### GOLDEN SYRUP ROLLS

Half-pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 egg, scant 1 cup milk, golden syrup, 1 cup boiling water, coconut.

Sift flour and salt and rub in shortening. Beat egg and add milk

and pour in dry ingredients, mixing to fairly soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly and roll out into oblong shape 1 in. thick. Melt a small quantity of golden syrup and spread evenly over dough. Roll and cut into 1 in. slices. Arrange in bottom of ovenware dish. Pour over syrup made from boiling water and 2 tablespoons of golden syrup. If coconut is available, sprinkle thickly over rolls. Bake in moderate oven (400deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Wiese, 32 Northcote St., Torrens, S.A.

### FLIAN SNAFS

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 small teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon finely chopped peel, 1 tablespoon finely chopped blanched almonds.

Cream shortening and sugar and beat in egg-yolk. Add vinegar. Sift dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture, mixing thoroughly. Turn out on to floured board. Cut into fingers or fancy shapes. Glaze with beaten egg-white and sprinkle with almonds and peel mixed together. Place on greased slide and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. These may be cooked plain, and when required joined with marmalade or peanut butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Walker, "The Outlook," Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.

## For Summer Days

Continued from  
page 38

### HOT TARTARE SAUCE

One cup prepared mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons diced gherkin, 1 teaspoon chopped capers (when available) or olives.

Combine all ingredients, heat over boiling water, stirring occasionally. Serve with hot fish timbales or any fish dish.

### HOT FISH TIMBALES

One pound cooked flaked fish (or 1 lb. tin of fish, drained from liquid, boned, and flaked), 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 teaspoon dried lemon rind, 1 tablespoon grated parboiled red or green pepper.

Combine fish and breadcrumbs, add salt, pepper, onion, lemon rind, red or green pepper. Beat eggs, add melted margarine or butter, fold into fish mixture. Add sufficient milk (or liquor from tinned fish) to make a soft, light consistency.

tenacy. Fill into well-greased ramekin-dishes, cocottes, or small moulds. Stand in dish of hot water; cover with greased paper. Bake 30 to 35 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Unmould, serve hot with tartare sauce and tomato-potato purfs.

### GROUND RICE AND APRICOT SOUFFLE

One tablespoon ground rice, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 1½ dessertspoons sugar, 1 level teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 cup stewed drained apricots (or tinned apricot halves).

Place apricots in bottom of well-greased ovenware dish. Blend ground rice with some of the milk. Put balance of milk into saucepan with sugar and butter. When nearly boiling, stir in blended ground rice. Continue stirring while mixture simmers 3 or 4 minutes. Cool, fold in beaten egg-yolk, almond essence, and, lastly, stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour over apricots, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 40 minutes. Serve immediately or allow to become well chilled before serving.

## EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES

by *Hesling*



## DESPUES DEL TOREO—LA MOSTAZA

(AFTER THE BULLFIGHT—MUSTARD!)

There is a lot of ceremony in Spain, especially in the bull ring. The picture above shows the matador, or bull fighter, tired after his eight-hour day in the arena, marching off to supper followed by his picador, or mustard beater.

knows that even the best bull is better as beef, and beef is better with KEEN'S MUSTARD. "Ah! Macanudo Macanudo" or "Good on yer!"



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An advertisement for Sparva British Dress Fabric. The central illustration features a woman in a long, light-colored dress with a dark sash and a wide-brimmed hat adorned with flowers. She holds a long, thin object, possibly a cigarette holder or a pen. The background is composed of several vertical stripes with different patterns: a floral pattern on the left, a blue and white pattern, a yellow background with blue polka dots, and a multi-colored striped pattern on the right. A large, stylized white shape with a red outline frames the top left, containing the brand name 'Sparva' in red script and 'BRITISH DRESS FABRIC' in black block letters. Text on the left side of the illustration lists 'NO FADE NO CREASE' and 'NO SHRINK' in black block letters, followed by 'UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED' in a smaller font. In the bottom right corner, a note says 'Please be patient—stocks are still limited'. The artist's signature 'PATON' is visible in the bottom left corner of the illustration area.

**Sparva**

BRITISH DRESS FABRIC

NO FADE NO CREASE  
NO SHRINK

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Please be patient—  
stocks are still limited

PATON